Dance and Dancers

February 1950 1/-

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and Leonide Massine

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Dance and Dancers

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MERSEY HOUSE, 132-4, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

CHARITY is a two-faced jade and those who present her to the public are never certain which face they are showing—usually it is both at the same time. Some particularly foul mud has been slung around about the Nijinsky Galas and everyone has been busy telling the "inside story" and putting the blame on everyone else.

The great legendary dancer, only seen at his height by a few in the audience, got a sum amounting to about £130; fees double and treble that amount were paid to some of the participants. No statement has been made at the time of writing as to how much was paid for the hall, the orchestra and conductor, the programme sellers and general hangers-on.

The mistake was made in the beginning for, after all, the essence of charity is loving and giving. If anyone gives, then all should give; there are no two ways about it. No use now blaming dancers, who were paid what in the end amounted to very moderate sums (one famous dancer was paid nothing except £10 to cover expenses). They had to leave the companies in which they were dancing at considerable trouble and inconvenience to everyone. It is wrong for professionals of standing to make a gift of their services to something that concerns their work. Unpaid artists are entitled to do exactly as they please and in an enterprise such as this, that is fatal.

The only people to benefit were we, the selfish public; we saw some of the best dancing we are likely to get in many an uncharitable Gala night. We would willingly forgo many hours of plushy comfort in theatres for the rigours and discomfort of the Earls Court Ice Palace if only to see Chauviré's *La Mort du Cygne*, Toumanova's *Giselle* (on certain nights), Babilée's *Blue Bird* and Skibine in almost anything.

That is providing we could go to the bar whenever Toumanova danced the *Don Quixote pas de deux* as badly as she did on November 22 and that we could leave every night before Massine's interpretation of Rimsky-Korsakov's interpretation of a Nevisky prospect of Spain.

Capriccio Espagnol may have been a good ballet in America, but the film version never convinced me; this "arena" presentation, so un-ideal for ballets designed to be seen from the front, shows only too clearly that Massine has fallen into the traps he gracefully avoided in *The Three-cornered Hat*.

In that ballet he captured the very essence of Spain and translated it into terms of ballet theatre; in this later work he has taken traditional Spanish dances and presented them undigested, so that when given by people not steeped in the fire and melancholy of Cave and Sierra, they appear as tame as a scena in a West End revue.

Yet, before such distinguished dancing as we saw those three nights, adverse criticism fails. We can merely be thankful that the great tradition, of which Nijinsky was a titanic upholder, is being carried on unbroken and enriched.

THE main reason why charity and ourselves are not seeing eye to eye about dancers is because we think they should earn every penny they can during their short span. At least until we reach that happy time when charity provides every dancer with comfortable old age.

Since the middle of World War 2, ballet has been a bright toy balloon, increasing its proportions as it became fuller of wind and gas—a balloon that has dazzled promoters, dancers and public.

Now the balloon is blown to its limit; it has not burst, but the air is rapidly escaping. We had better face the fact that the boom is over. Not for lack of public support, but because it is almost impossible to run a company economically without support from the State.

In the past few weeks, two English companies have folded up and this is only the beginning. Rumour is rife about other companies, home and abroad, that may go the same way.

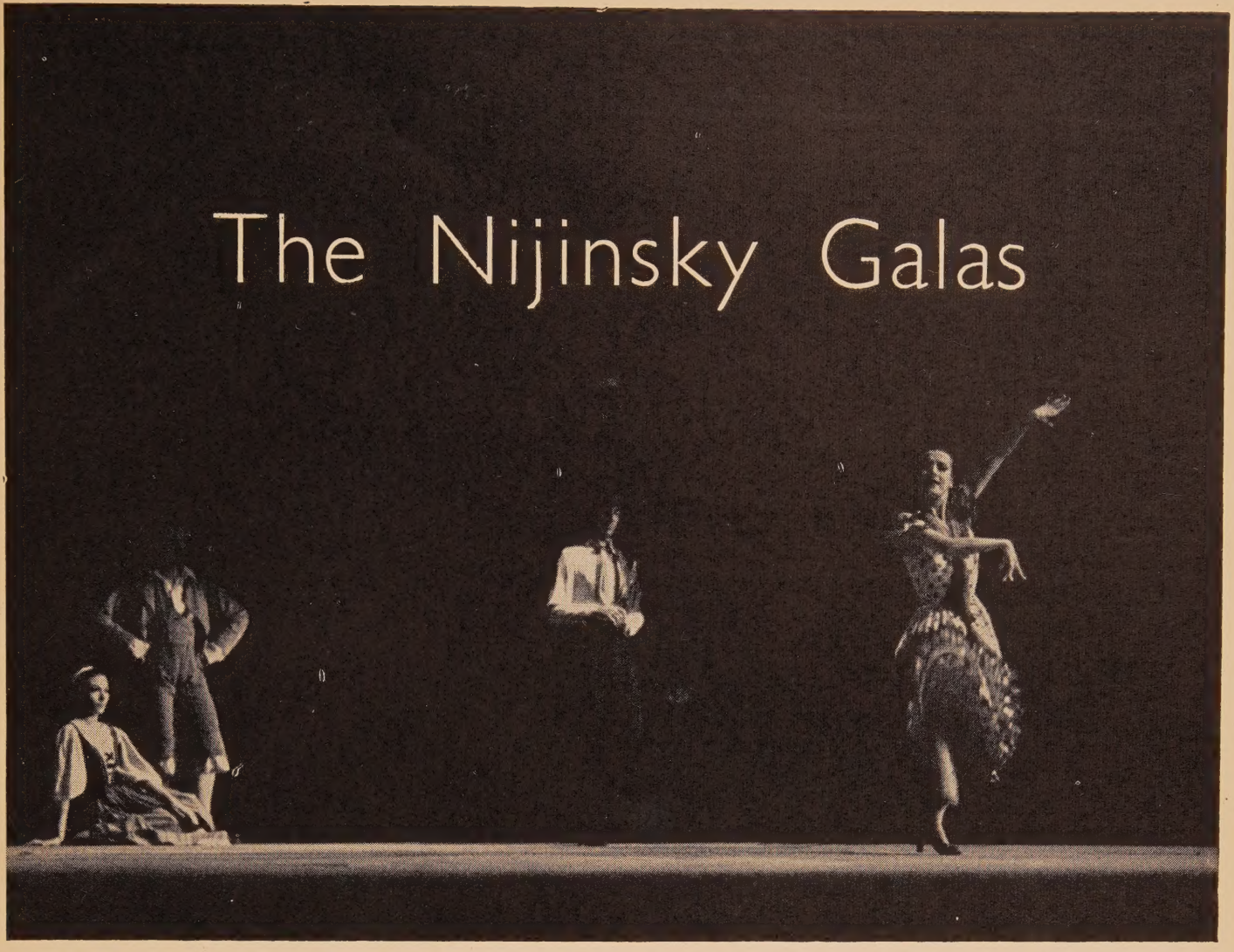
Tragic result of these closings will be large numbers of dancers out of work. Big stars will not be affected; they can always get jobs. The "kids of the company" are going to suffer.

A few years ago they would have been sopped up by large-scale musical plays and films. Now the former are cutting down on dancers and the latter are almost non-existent. Where does the future of the ballet dancer lie?

The Empire, Leicester Square, points the way. Ballet will have to go to the music halls and cinemas.

The Diaghilev company frequently appeared in music hall bills without losing prestige. We must get used to it until the economic horizon clears and enterprising companies can stand on their own feet again.

The Nijinsky Galas



Tamara Toumanova and Leonide Massine watched by Paula Hinton and Kenneth Petersen during a performance of Capriccio Espagnol

ALTHOUGH, sadly, the financial benefit from the three Nijinsky Gala Performances at the Empress Hall would not rethatch an old cottage, let alone build Nijinsky a hoped-for new one, we saw on this four-square platform several of the world's great dancers performing in his honour. These were three star-bright nights, with Russian, French and American prima ballerinas and premier danseurs, all of whom had flown to London for the occasion.

Here, in glorious array and dancing in one programme for the first time, were Tamara Toumanova, Yvette Chauviré, Leonide Massine, George Skibine, Marjorie Tallchief, Wladimir Skouratoff, Jean Babilée and the Ballet Rambert, with its own guest artist Nathalie Krassovska. With Boris Kochno here to give artistic direction and with the spirit of the great Vaslav Fomich Nijinsky permeating everybody's thoughts with memories or legends, one had the feeling of being on the spot where history is being made, no matter the *mise en scene* of Ice Folly or Police Ball. Those who had seen Nijinsky dance, and remembered his *Pavillon d'Armide*, his *Jeux* and *Sacre du Printemps*, spoke almost reverently of his extraordinary leap, his uncanny poising stilled in mid-air; while those unfortunates who had not seen with their own eyes felt a legend was being strengthened.

Before the first of these performances, I watched for the whole day a tense rehearsal, one star shining after another. The air itself was electric, expectant with temperament that could have flown in six foreign directions. The *corps de ballet* were somewhat uneasy as they waited and so well one remembered Tudor's *Gala Performance*.

A harassed conductor was cajoled, pleaded with in a dozen languages to change his tempo, while an insistent microphone kept calling for Mr. Boris Kochno. And all the time, one felt that somewhere in this vast, partly fog-filled arena, Nijinsky sat watching, especially whilst Rambert and Massine rehearsed Babilée for his first performance of *Faun*. One moment found Madame Rambert herself prone upon the Faun's rocky hiding place, so absorbed, eager that the youthful Babilée should understand, know, and reiterate Nijinsky's first choreographic essay, make it relive again, even though it could never re-create the sensational stir which it achieved on the night of February 17, 1913, when it was first performed in London.

But swans can die a hundred painful deaths, fauns ravage as many maidens, bluebirds flutter and flash with incredulous *ballon*, all on a platform plumb in the middle of an arc-lit skating-rink, and I cannot be spell-bound. It is not ballet. Ballet cannot, should not, be lifted out of its context and ruthlessly pushed forward from its framing dimension of proscenium arch.

No enchantment can be evoked in ovoid halls or on football pitches. But there can, of course, be dancing at its most dazzling, which one found at these three performances.

Stripped of décor—although Hugh Stevenson contrived, cleverly enough, all that could possibly have been done—and bereft of that strange, dividing line between audience and stage, which holds back reality from shattering illusion, the touch of magic was somehow that of circus.

This air of circusiana was aided by the hall's smoky height and abetted by a be-spangled Toumanova, a whip-slapping, heel-clicking

Massine. There was an aroma of sawdust and more than a hint of that familiar pot-pourri of popular pieces. Gallantly, everyone did what was expected of them for a king among big, beautiful ballet-concerts.

Les Sylphides seemed as essential as the anthem preceding it, as necessary to the night's entertainment as the potted palms shading the orchestra. But for palates a little jaded by familiarity with the *ballet blanc*, Yvette Chauviré, the prima ballerina from the Paris Opera (France's greatest since the romantic era), added her own subtlety of flavour. Her grace of movement was "carven" as a critic aptly put it. Paula Hinton's dancing of the *Valse* was notable for her marked musicality and again showed the fuller development of this English dancer.

Wladimir Skouratoff was a poet of great dignity. I watched one performance from behind the platform where ordinarily a backcloth hangs and saw the seemingly effortless and beautiful ease with which Fokine's patterns unfold, come together and liquidate themselves.

La Mort du Cygne, with its Lifar choreographics, revealed Chauviré's capacity for convolutions, the rare beauty of her arms. Her arms became wings, her fingers sensitive tips. Chauviré's delicate grace of movement is superlative. Though sometimes feeling the vehicle of this divertissement too shallow for so strong an artist one was aware of movements at once delicate, bird-like and incredibly fluid.

Skibine in his Albrecht costume with Skouratoff dressed for La Mort du Cygne, *waiting in the wings* (*Photo: Alec Murray*)

Then Toumanova's dancing, with George Skibine, of the *Don Quixote pas de deux Classique*, lit up the whole night as a rocket will a summer sky. It was a fireworks display and her feet flashed an *enchainement* of stars.

Her incredible beauty, enormous showmanship, acrobatic tricks and her presence, now courtly, now arch, now serene, took one's breath away. What did the means matter when the end was so dazzlingly justified? Skibine partnered and presented her flawlessly, with a sensitive and certain grace of manner and movement.

In two of Nijinsky's greatest roles, Babilée again showed that he, too, is a very fine dancer. His *Faun* was remarkable, when you realise he had rehearsed it so slightly before that first performance. Slow, deliberate, indolent, his physique itself so right, so appropriate, his portrayal still seemed made of exterior gesture rather than emanating from full awareness of the role which Margaret Hill, as the Nymph, touched deeper into the mood. His *Bluebird* again amazed with its effortless rhythmic ease. He danced the *grand pas de deux* with Nathalie Krassovska.

After a brilliant entrance by the stylist Massine, a master of movement, in his own *Capriccio Espagnol*, this single-scene ballet with its eight dancers left one with little to ponder, other than its own banality. These were the clickings, kickings, whip-thigh-slappings of a technicoloured tourist Spain. The gesture to Spain, so noble, so transformed in *Tricorne*, becomes only hollow here.

And then *Giselle*, the second act, mutilated by its locale, was yet made unforgettable by the beauty and dancing of Toumanova, the romantic nobility of Skibine's Albrecht, who in this Hamlet of ballet roles was most moving. The need for a stage, a theatre, was even greater here; this performance would indeed have been memorable for the mood and spirit which would have been evoked. As it was, one watched the individual and missed that excitement and satisfaction which comes only from the full plurality of ballet.

Marjorie Tallchief's Myrthe, Queen of the Wilis, bewitched me less than Joyce Graeme. Mme. Marie Rambert's was a well drilled *corps de ballet*.

Tatlock Miller

Chauviré rehearsing La Mort du Cygne *before members of Ballet Rambert* (*Photo: Keystone*)

Margaret Hill and Babilée in L'Apres Midi D'un Faune (*Photo: Alec Murray*)

Fine Frenzy of '49

A review of the year

January 6

Markova and Dolin appeared at Empress Hall, Earl's Court, in a programme of "favourites". This long-distance presentation started heated arguments on the suitability of arenas for ballet. They have continued through the year. It seems that ballet presented this way has to be called a "gala".

February 16

Roland Petit and his Ballets de Paris opened at Princes Theatre. This small company of stars and soloists consisting of Jeanmaire, Vyroubova and Marchand, was formed at Marigny Theatre, Paris, during 1948, when Fonteyn graced the first month as guest artist. On their opening night, three works by Petit and new to London, were given—*Les Demoiselles de la Nuit* (the cat ballet, originally created for Fonteyn), *Que le Diable L'Emporte*, and *L'Oeuf à la Coque*.

The programme showed up Petit's genius and his weaknesses. There can be few living choreographers able to create lovelier and more theatrically effective *pas de deux*, but when it comes to *soli* he has little to say and his *ensembles* seldom merge with either. Too often, the *corps de ballet* are left to their own devices with little to do.

February 17

Ashton's *Wedding Bouquet* revived at Covent Garden. This French provincial wedding-party by Gertrude Stein, with music and décor by Lord Berners, first given in 1938, has lost none of its peculiar charm. It provides Helpmann, as the harassed bridegroom, with his best role.

The work would have gained more if the words, sung by a chorus grouped each side of the stage, had been heard. Later in the year this defect was remedied when Constant Lambert replaced the singing sisters, declaiming Stein's witty commentary through a microphone between sips of champagne.

February 21

Petit's *Carmen* at Prince's Theatre proved he is a great master of theatrical presentation. With the help of designer Clavé, he created a spectacle that had all the tawdry glamour, dust, and dirt of Spain and of Merimee's novel.

Bizet's score was slashed and misused but this version was still more convincing than many an opera production. For Renée Jeanmaire as Carmen he created the role of the century and she, realising it, took it between her vicious teeth. Everything after this seemed tame and colourless.

Other new creations during the season: William Dollar's *Le Combat*, a long and not unexciting Lifaresque *pas de deux* for Charrat and Skouratoff, on the Chlorinda and Tancredi story, to music by young Italian composer, Rafaelo de Banfield; Petit's first abstract ballet, *Pas d'action*, to Wagner's Liebestod music from *Tristan*, which deserved a better fate from critics; and Ashton's *Le Rêve de Léonor*, which never cut through the labyrinth of Italian-Parisienne Léonor Fini's phantasmagoria of fetishes—owls, hair, sex, sweets and strange creatures cluttered the stage so that choreography, dancers and Britten's charming variations on a theme of Frank Bridge, were lost.

March 1

Danilova and Franklin appeared for a month at Covent Garden as guest artists. This brought nostalgic sighing from the old guard, slightly supercilious interest from the new and an exhibition of bad manners on the first night that we hope never to see (or hear) repeated by an English ballet audience.

The visitors appeared in *Coppelia*, *Giselle*, *Swan Lake* (act 2), *Boutique Fantasque* and various *pas de deux*.

Still the great ballerina, Danilova's style and authority were beyond reproach though she had lost some speed and occasionally seemed nervous. But it is wrong to take dancers from their usual background and ask them to acquire the colouring of a fresh company in such a short time. Franklin had improved as a partner and his *panache* made one think that some day he might be Dolin's successor, should that ever be necessary.

March 21

Spanish dancer Mariemma at Prince's Theatre. After the intoxicating spell of Carmen Amaya, she was too lady-like—a good dancer who never really projected over the footlights. Partners Paco Fernandez and José Toledano livened up the evening with a spirited *zapateado*.

March 24

Ashton's *Apparitions* lost something in the journey from the Wells to the Garden. When first given at Sadler's Wells in 1934, romanticism had not been over-exploited. The story of a poet seeking inspiration in drugs and his pursuit of the beautiful girl in his fevered imagination seemed less hackneyed than now.

Cecil Beaton's costumes, elaborated to fill the Opera House stage, made it look "dressed-up", but for Fonteyn (in what was in 1934, her first created role) he designed a shimmering black and white dress that enhanced her loveliness more than ever before.

May 30

Marie Rambert and her dancers came home to their own Mercury Theatre, back to what will always be considered the Bethlehem of British ballet. Walter Gore created *Kaleidoscope*, to the Brahms-Paganini variations, for the occasion. There is much invention in Gore's ballet, but one could wish he had used other music. Ronald Wilson's insectile designs were exciting, though rather busy for a small stage.

June 6

Danilova, Massine and Franklin, with Metropolitan Ballet, appeared in another series of "galas" at Empress Hall, this time decked out as a "Venetian Garden", but looking like a rock-garden at the Chelsea Flower Show.

Massine revived *Le Beau Danube*; it was a joy to see he and Danilova in their original roles of Hussar and Street Dancer, while the Metropolitan gave admirable support. This turned out to be the perfect ballet for arena presentation. Only other surprisingly satisfactory event in these ten performances was *Spectre de la Rose*, danced beautifully by Beriosova and Erik Bruhn.

June 8

Montemar's *Spanish Rhapsody*, with Ana Esmeralda, did not fit comfortably into the cold Savoy Theatre. Designed on the same lines as the Amaya show it had unsuitably better taste and little fire.

Esmeralda looked like a luscious plum in repose, but a prickly pear in action. Her beautiful arms will make her more interesting with age. Josele, a tiny gipsy, gave two remarkable exhibitions of eccentric flamenco and guitarist David Moreno, playing among other things, a wonderful *Fandanguillo* for left hand only, made the show worthwhile.

June 21

Marquis de Cuevas' Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo opened at Covent Garden with the usual array of stars—Hightower, Tallchief, Eglevsky and Skibine, plus Toumanova, Riabouchinska, Massine and Lichine.

The ballets created since they were last in this country were extraordinary for their badness and obvious costliness. John Taras, *maître de ballet*, had improved the company and altered some of the classics out of all recognition.

In the hands of Taras, this latter move was, in most cases, an interesting improvement, but it is doubtful whether such practice is a good idea. Less sensitive choreographers altering these revered works, might bring about complete disaster.

Novelties included Nijinska's *In Memoriam* (aptly named); Lichine's *Infanta* and *Enchanted Mill*; Ricarda's *Del Amor y de la Muerte*; revivals of Massine's *Mad Tristan* and *Good-Humoured Ladies*; and Taras' *Designs with Strings*.

Only the last-named was successful. Over Nijinska's ballet, one must draw a veil. Lichine drowned Wilde's waterproof script in a flood of Russian torment and paid homage to 19th-century romanticism in a corny Alpine village romp. Ricarda's Spanish picnic tragedy never appeared to have left Manhattan.

Massine animated Dali's surrealist designs and mutilated Wagner to make a beautiful stage picture that had nothing to do with ballet. His revival of that effervescent Scarlatti-Goldoni caper was the big disappointment of the year; it had lost all its sparkle and Derain, oddly enough, was not the right designer.

On the other hand, we still had Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* and *Night Shadow* (which would ennoble any repertoire) and a great deal of lovely dancing. Hightower added new authority and characterisation to her fabulous technique.

Toumanova on some nights, and when she dropped her mannerisms, was a mature version of the ballerina we knew before the war—what more could one want? Skibine had gained stature and showed he has one of the best stage personalities in ballet today; his Albrecht in *Giselle*, though still a rough sketch, is the most poetic and sensitive seen here since 1939. All the dancers made up for poor material in which they were forced to dance.

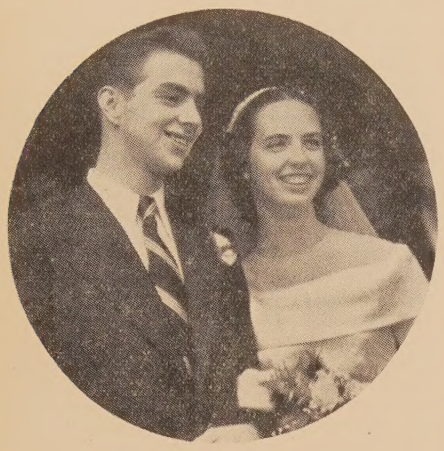
July 11

Andrée Howard created her first abstract work, *Ballamento*, for Metropolitan Ballet at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, to John Lanchbery's arrangement and orchestration of Vivaldi's *concerti grossi*.

If the ballet bore a slight resemblance to *Concerto Barocco* it was sheer coincidence as Howard had never seen this Balanchine work. The three movements were compact, tidy and extremely musical, a perfect vehicle for Beriosova. White figures moved in ever-expanding patterns against a sky cloth, lit so as to give a feeling sometimes of claustrophobia, sometimes of celestial space.

continued on page seventeen

CURTAIN UP!



On December 3 CONSTANCE GARFIELD New York ballet dancer and ALAN BAKER London born dancer in *Oklahoma*, were married (photograph above). The courtship that began last July when the bride was appearing with the de Cuevas company at Covent Garden, was pursued by correspondence throughout the company's season in Deauville. A brief visit to New York to her family preceded her return to London..

The ceremony held at the Servite Church, Kensington was followed by a reception at the Hotel Rembrandt. The bride was attended by her French guardian, Mme. Marechal, the groom by his family and friends from the cast of *Oklahoma*.

The merry pranks of BABILÉE would fill many a column of *Curtain Up*. A friend in Cairo tells me that on the first night of the Champs-Elysées company in that city, everyone was fighting to see the incredible dancer who had "won" them in *Jeu de Cartes*. Once, in the excitement, Babilée seized a moment's pause to implant a most unchoreographic kiss on his partner's neck. Not many members of the audience saw this incident or the lady's surprised leap, but the other dancers did and for a few moments they fought valiantly with their laughter. Then Babilée started his entrechats and had to give up. He stopped abruptly, shaking with laughter; after that he let the audience into the joke. He completely recompensed them by effortlessly repeating his solo.

*

I hear that a Hollywood producer has been over in this country to sign a contract with ROMOLA NIJINSKA for making a film on the life of her husband. It is believed that Gene Kelly is to play Nijinsky. Well, perhaps this is better than some of the people who have been cited for this coveted role for he is a good dancer—but why, oh why, cannot the whole matter be dropped? It is bound to stir up a lot of mud. No technicolor glorification can truly reproduce the era that was, artistically, the most important that this century has so far produced. Far better to wait until all those who remember, and were part of the great days, are dead; then make a super slap-up musical with no bearing on the truth at all.

*

TAMARA TOUMANOVA has been awarded the *Prix Giselle* by the French dance critics. It is the most distinguished award of its kind for an outstanding classic and romantic dancer. As we are considering making awards ourselves in the near future we would be fascinated to know how the French dance critics arrived at this conclusion. In the face of the other great exponents of this role, which is the touchstone of classical ballet performance, the result is curious.

*

NATASHA KRASSOVSKA caused quite a stir on the boat during her voyage back to New York recently. From eight to ten each morning she was doing exercises on deck to the delight of the crew and those male passengers who got up early enough. Before this she worked with castanettes in her cabin from seven o'clock. A famous ballet mother, also sharing the cabin, was glad to get back to the noise of N.Y. so that she could have a rest.

*

Talking about ballet "mothers" (and they are my favourite characters in the dance world) here are two stories:

A famous mother was showing the *corps de ballet* how to do "little hops" from one straight line to another. The stage manager approached bowing and said, "Excuse me, but there is a reporter at the stage door who wants to know who wrote the music for *Coppelia*." "Don't you know?" screamed the mother, furious at having her rehearsal disturbed. "I'm afraid not." "Delius, you fool, Delius," spat the mother as she continued with the rehearsal.

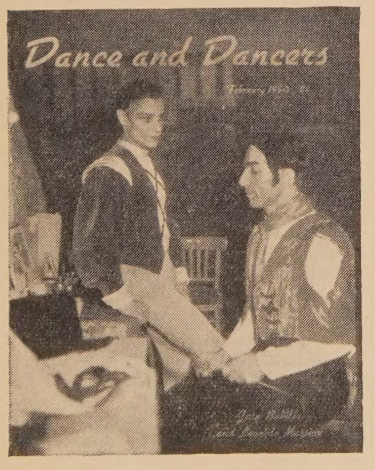
Here is the other: A mother once called a rehearsal to show the boys of the *corps de ballet* how to shoot the swans in *Lac des Cygnes*. The crossbows were being raised when suddenly she cried, "STOP! there is a *definite* note in the music for you to insert the bullet."

*

Rambert dancers, Australian CECIL BATES and English MARY MUNRO married in January. Bates met his wife, when he arrived from Australia with the company in the spring.

It is rumoured that MAXWELL COKER, dancer-actor, now playing the role of Slim in *Oklahoma* and movie starlet SALLY ANN HOWES, daughter of musical comedy comedian Bobby Howes, are soon to get married.

Cover Story



HOWARD BYRNE'S cover photograph shows two great personalities of the dance meeting in a dressing room at the Empress Hall—Muscovite Massine seated and Parisian Babilée standing. Both were in England to dance at the three performances organised to raise funds for Nijinsky.

When the young Massine joined the Diaghilev company in 1914, he was about the same age as Babilée when London first saw him with Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées, during their first season at the Adelphi in 1946.

Diaghilev saw the potentialities of the young Massine when he appeared in Fokine's *La Légende de Joseph*. Over a quarter of a century later Diaghilev's secretary and adviser saw the same qualities in Babilée when he was forming the Champs-Elysées just after World War 2. Thus is ballet history made; the long chain of tradition remains unbroken.

MASSINE is now in the sunset of a great career (the sun is setting very slowly). Behind him are years of triumph, both as dancer and dance creator, a career marred by few failures.

His most successful works have been "character" ones such as *La Boutique Fantasque*, *Le Tricorne*, *Le Beau Danube*. In these he has built for himself the kind of role in which he excels—a can-can dancer, a miller, an hussar.

Another phase of his dance creation has been the plastic realisation of modern painters—Picasso, Matisse, Miro and Dali. A further phase, his transmutation of pure music into stage dance spectacle—Tchaikowsky's Fifth symphony; Brahms' Fourth symphony; Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*; and Beethoven's Seventh symphony.

No person in the history of ballet has accomplished such creative versatility. In later years he has appeared only in his own ballets, usually in character roles. His entrance is as carefully built up as that of a French music hall star. There is nothing wrong in this; it is completely of the art of the theatre—a good producer (or choreographer) must understand how to present stars in a way befitting their greatness, as well as to make an interesting stage spectacle.

Anyone with a certain knowledge of dance can create new dances and steps, but pathetically few can link them so that the work flows, the different items blending into a perfect whole, with the right "style atmosphere"—that is, the right feeling of mood, period or locale. This is the lesson to be learned from careful study of a Massine work.

Now BABILÉE. As he stands in his *Bluebird* costume, gazing at the older man, what passes through his mind? Is he wondering whether the career before him will follow that of Massine in any way?

As a dancer he is probably greater than Massine at the same age, although he lacks the discipline of the Diaghilev school. It is doubtful whether he does his "bar" at 9.30 in the morning like Massine. But then we live in an undisciplined age, and Babilée has the misfortune to be a "natural".

When he feels like it, he can give a performance sublime, although there are many people who have never "caught" one of them. He is criticised for having bad "stage manners," as he sometimes shows disdain for his audience. This may be true, but it is justified. There is no spectacle more degrading than dancers smiling and smirking when everyone knows they are biting back foul oaths.

As a choreographer he is only starting to spread his wings and his first two works, *L'Amour et son Amour* and *Till Eulenspiegel* shows great promise. This new departure has also given him a greater feeling of responsibility. It has steadied him and seldom does he give the erratic performances so annoying in the past.

He has it in his power to be one of the greatest influences on ballet in western Europe. The next few years will show whether this hope is to be fulfilled or whether Babilée is to be just another French dancer who rises meteor-like, only to drop back into oblivion.

Films

Silver Lined Tribute to Marilyn Miller

WHO'S Who in the Theatre informs us that Marilyn Miller née Mary Ellen Reynolds was born in Evansville, Indiana, on September 1, 1898. *She made her first appearance on the stage at the tender age of five as a member of the Columbian Trio with mother Lyn Reynolds and step-father Caro Miller completing the triumvirate. Appeared as* A Bit of Dresden China *when the Trio was expanded to a quintet by the addition of Marilyn's two sisters; toured the world for ten years before she was spotted by Lee Shubert at the Lotus Club in London in* 1913 *and was engaged for the role of Miss Jerry in* The Passing Show *of* 1914.

It is little wonder that Marilyn Miller died at an early age, 37, *for it is unlikely that any human being could survive the strain of starring in twelve musical hits in the short space of nineteen years* (1914-1933); *the shows lasting from one to three years at a stretch. Added to this busy schedule was the beginning of a new career in films which began in* 1929 *with* Sally; *followed by* Sunny *and* Her Majesty Love.

Some of her revues which have acquired a glorified patina through frequent allusion in films and biographies are The Ziegfield Follies of 1918; Sally 1920-23; Sunny 1925-27; Princess Rosalie 1928 *and* As Thousands Cheer *in* 1933.

IF Warner Brothers are convinced that June Haver is Marilyn Miller in *Look for the Silver Lining*, then I have no choice but to accept it. Never having seen Miss Miller eliminates all possibility of making comparisons.

Assuming the film portrayal is accurate, it follows that Marilyn Miller's success in musical comedy came chiefly from her dancing ability. In this movie she runs the gamut of Dance—tap, ballroom and ballet. Happily, the major part of the film is devoted to dance sequences.

Events leading to Marilyn Miller's fame are unreeled in bright, even tempos, from the time she ran away from grandma's at the age of twelve, to join her touring vaudeville family, to her subsequent pungent triumph in *Sally*, when she had reached artistic maturity.

Nostalgically familiar are the cliché scenes—substituting for her ailing family on a vaudeville bill and scoring a hit; discovery of her talent in a night club by a producer's agent; the suspense created by the late arrival of Marilyn's lucky elephant, without which the star believed her shows doomed; the inevitable failure of her husband, Frank Carter, to arrive before the curtain rose on *Sally*, and the subsequent death of her husband when his car crashes en route.

Miss Haver's dancing in *Look for the Silver Lining*, although often more than adequate, never quite reaches the heights of Ray Bolger's irresistible tap routines and absurdly funny posturings. He enacts the role which Jack Buchanan played so successfully in the London production of *Sunny*.

Mr. Bolger has a remarkable musicality and lightning speed, topped off by the kind of showmanship that leaves audiences gasping. Perennials such as *Who*, *Can't You Hear Me Callin'*, *Caroline*, and *Yama Yama Man* provide musical background. The number danced to *Who*, in which Mr. Bolger employs countless stage props, took Warner Brothers three days to film. The staging of the musical numbers were expertly handled by Le Roy Prinz.

Appearing briefly in support of Miss Haver, in a ballet sequence, are George Zoritch and Oleg Tupine. Mr. Zoritch, one of the more promising male soloists in the original de Basil Ballets Russes, when it went to America in 1939, deserted ballet for films and is seen spasmodically in them.

Definitely a film for dancers and dance enthusiasts.

Twenty-eight years of dancing in vaudeville, musical comedy and films, with no sign of weakening, is the remarkable record of comedian-dancer Ray Bolger. His sparkling performance and elflike antics in Look For the Silver Lining *are in true Bolger tradition.*

Currently appearing in Where's Charley? *on Broadway, one recalls with delight his scintillating performance in musicals* By Jupiter *in* 1942 *and* Three to Make Ready *in* 1946.

PREVIEW.—*Vera-Ellen in a dance sequence from M.G.M.'s forthcoming version of the Broadway hit-musical* On The Town. *Co-starring are Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Ann Miller and Betty Garrett*

Stone Age Dance Music

by EVAN SENIOR

SOME time last year there was news in London of a project by Robert Helpmann for the creation of a ballet using music not very well known in this country—the *Corrobboree* Suite by Australian composer, John Antill.

This project is shelved, but it is being realised in Australia. More and more musical research, as well as ballet research, is turning to ancient and primitive sources, trying to learn more of the music and dancing of people who work on lines different from ours.

You may have heard this *Corrobboree* music when Eugene Goossens brought it to London from Australia and conducted it at an Albert Hall concert in 1946. It was given again the following year; its strange form and exciting rhythms appealed to many ballet enthusiasts.

This was, of course, music as we know it, in the modern Western style; but it was based by its Australian composer on native music and rhythms he heard in the Australian "outback" —comparatively unsettled parts of the huge Australian continent where the remaining 48,000 Australian blacks still roam as nomads, living in primitive and almost Stone Age ways.

Corrobboree was not actual native music— it was more complicated and probably more familiar to our ears than the primitive native sounds would be.

But the Australian aborigines, wandering naked in the red deserts of the inland or among the tropical swamps of the far north, have a music that, for those interested in ballet, has more than usual value, if only for the reason that here we find music and dancing completely interwoven.

Corrobborees, or dance rituals of the Australian aborigines, have interested many people —those fortunate enough to have witnessed them. Contrary to widely held opinion in this country, the Australian native does not live in close contact with white people.

Of Australia's white population of about eight millions, no more than a few thousands have seen the natives in their natural state, let alone one of the elaborate corrobboree ceremonies.

In these, the simple native people perform, in a mixture of story, music and dancing, their tales of legend, historic fact, or even recent happenings. Some of these tales have been handed on from time out of mind, some are of their own creation, about something as prosaic as yesterday's hunt for food or the day before's arrival of a giant aeroplane.

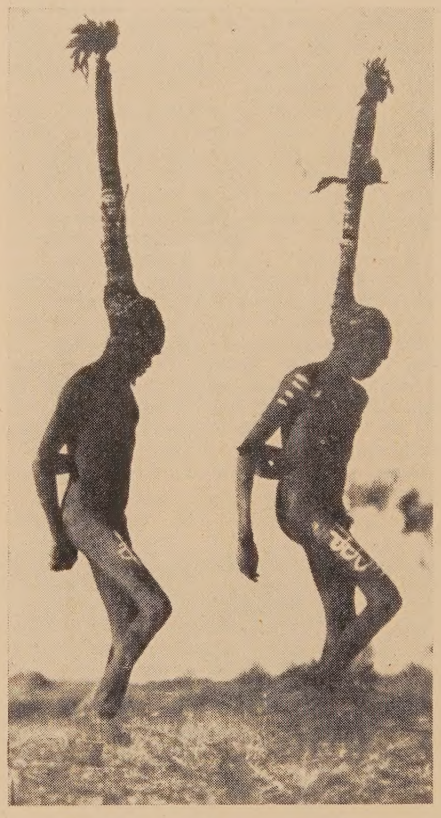
Their dancing is far from being as primitive and crude as many people, even in Australia, may imagine. It is simple only on the surface.

Imagine a hot night under a desert sky, a clearing in rough, sandy scrubland among the few stunted bushes and shrubs, and, gathered round the space near the fire, a squatting crowd of eager, chattering natives. The corrobboree to be performed may be one of their ancient legends about a supernatural crocodile that, in ages past, emerged from a swamp and founded, as totem ancestor, the tribe itself.

The onlookers probably know the story, and the dancing of it by heart, much as a Gilbert and Sullivan audience in London know every word and note of *The Mikado* or *The Gondoliers* and are equally excited and expectant.

The weird drumming of music starts, hands clap, palms smack coal-black thighs that gleam in the firelight and to the accompaniment of chanting and percussion, the naked, painted dancers advance into the clearing by the firelight.

Just as a character in a well-known opera has its distinctive costume, so the native dancers have correct "costume" for each corrobboree. Mud and coloured ochre are smeared on their bodies in long lines and weaving patterns (human blood is used for a religious type of corrobboree) and into this, while it is wet, coloured downy feathers of birds are daubed, making patches or circles of fluffy colour or long stripes waving from shoulders to knees, down the lines of arms and legs.



Aborigines dancing in a Corrobboree (Australian News photo)

As the strange music and chanting rises to a climax, the men form a long line, facing the same way, legs apart to form an arch. Through this arch crawls the "crocodile", the principal dancer, arms and legs held flat as in the awkward waddle of the reptile, a long tail completing the illusion.

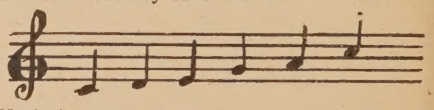
He crawls out through the "swamp" and on to land, then, rising, performs a dance which, although composed of simple steps, conveys the gradual emergence of the human from the animal ancestor, the growth of the tribe, its wars and struggles, its successes, its whole existence. Other dancers join in and the corrobboree goes on to tell, perhaps, of the coming of the white man (his peculiarities conveyed in perfect, amusing mimicry), tribal hunts for food, or as when the Duke of Gloucester flew to the far north to see them, a mime representation of "the coming of the King's son sitting in a giant bird". It is all so simple, yet so effective.

At first hearing most aboriginal music sounds like a tuneless jumble to a Western ear, but actually it is pure melody and simple rhythm. The melody is perhaps more important; it is in this that most of the variations occur.

It uses a musical scale different from ours— the "pentatonic scale", meaning that the octave is divided into five notes instead of our usual seven. Music in the pentatonic scale is not so unfamiliar to us, because it is often used when composers want an Oriental effect.

For example—those impressive chords that open the *Chu Chin Chow* overture, or parts of *Madame Butterfly* or *The Mikado*. Perhaps even better known is the hymn, *There is a Happy Land*, an old pentatonic tune from India. Chinese, Japanese, Malayans, Indians and others use the pentatonic scale.

You can play it on an ordinary piano, using the "black" notes, or in any other key you like. In the key of C it looks like this:



Variations on these notes make up the music of the Australian aborigine for the most part. There are also variations in time, with sudden changes from two beats in a bar to three beats; a monotonous beat is avoided as much as possible.

The music is mostly chanted, with "song-leaders" who occasionally and suddenly vary the pitch—take the whole tune up or down a tone or two. The others follow and the emotional effect of these sudden changes of pitch and tempo is something you must experience to understand. It can be the most thrilling thing in the world, in that primitive firelight setting under the desert stars.

There are instruments, too. Quaintest is a long, thick bamboo tube, painted and decorated in weird designs. The player, who has to be expert, makes strange, loud buzzing sounds. He does it with his lips, muttering meaningless syllables which sound like the word "didgeridoo"—and that is the name given to the instrument. It is almost the only thing the natives have which could be called a musical instrument.

Rhythm is strongly marked by percussion. Most of it comes from sticks beaten together; they use a hard, heavy stick beaten by a long, thin light stick. Clever players, by varying the free length of the light beating stick, can produce an astonishing number of different pitches.

All these sounds and beats mean something to the dancers. Dancing can be varied all the time by chanters and beaters.

There is another way of making sound: by putting between the lips one of the soft, thin leathery leaves of the Australian eucalyptus— the "gum" tree—and humming through it a buzzing sound by which a tune can be played.

All these sounds—from gum leaves, chanting, hitting of sticks and the loud, impressive hum of the "didgeridoo"—form the musical accompaniment of the Australian native's "ballet", a combination of dance, music and story-telling that has never failed to make a deep and lasting impression on all lucky enough to see it.

THE INTERNATIONAL

9th Birthday

Director-Ballerina, Mona Inglesby

IN May, 1950, the International Ballet celebrates its ninth year of existence. By giving the public what it wants, Mona Inglesby and her company have survived the rigours and pitfalls of privately subsidised ballet. What's more, they've succeeded.

One of the first major English companies to popularise ballet throughout England, the International boasts of a regular personnel of 70 dancers, a complete orchestra under the direction of Australian-born James Walker and is under the constant supervision of Nicolai Sergueeff, diehard of the Marinsky tradition in classical ballet.

The company introduced (in 1946) the use of cinemas as accredited ballet auditoriums, thereby bringing ballet to a bigger public. A series of explanatory lectures about ballet history and development have been introduced to schoolchildren throughout the English provinces.

Consistent with the company's policy for stimulating interest, the lectures are given in conjunction with engagements and have been highly successful.

A popular repertoire, consisting of the classics, *Swan Lake* (4 acts), *Coppelia* (3 acts), *Sleeping Princess* (4 acts), *Giselle*, *Prince Igor*, *Les Sylphides* and *Carnaval*, has not prevented the International from venturing into experimental fields.

The company's own works, frequently repeated, are *Everyman*, choreography by Mona Inglesby, music of Richard Strauss, décor of Rex Whistler and costumes by William Chappell; *Sea Legend*, choreography by Dorothy Stevenson, music of Esther Rofé and décor by John Bainbridge; *Endymion*, choreography by Mona Inglesby; and *Twelfth Night*, by Andrée Howard.

Their most recent production is a ballet by Julian Algo (*Maître de Ballet* of the Royal Opera House, Stockholm), to Moussorgsky music, called *Visions*. Mr. Algo was first prize winner at the International Archives of the Dance Competition, 1945, in Stockholm.

Like the Sadler's Wells ballet—on a smaller scale—International owns and operates a school, drawing from its classrooms as frequently as necessary.

It is under supervision of Nicolai Sergueeff, whose historic salvaging from revolution-ridden Russia of original dance notations (only records of classics danced at the Marinsky) is a favourite anecdote.

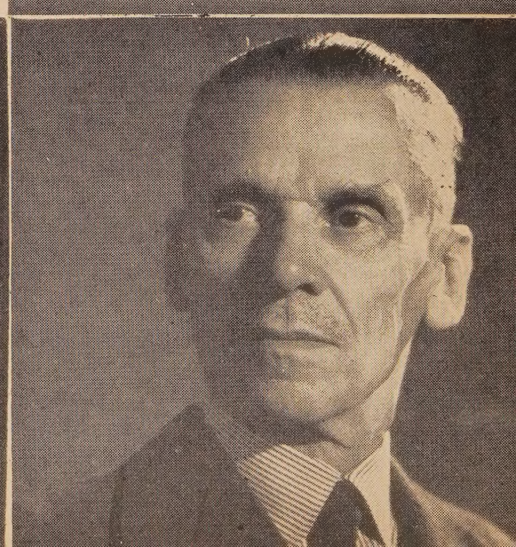
He was Director-General of the Imperial Russian Ballet in St. Petersburg from 1903, when Petipa retired, to the outbreak of the Russian Revolution in 1917. The records of the classics were made by him, personally, before and during his term as Director-General.

Sergueeff cast his lot with the International in 1941 after leaving Sadler's Wells. He has reputedly coached and groomed members of the company, from Miss Inglesby to the *corps de ballet*, in the grand manner of the Russian Imperial School. No one escapes his meticulous care.

As a breeder of talent, International has some notable achievements. Heading the list are Moira Shearer, Celia Franca, Sonia Arova, Anne Negus, Gerd Larsen, Joyce Graeme, Nina Tarakanova and Jeanne Artois, with Harold Turner, Leo Kersley, Rex Reid and Michel de Lutry on the male side.

Credit goes to Mona Inglesby; against adverse criticism and seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, she kept the International banner flying, brought ballet to the hinterlands and popularised it beyond all expectations.

Mona Inglesby and Jack Spurgeon in Swan Lake, *Act Three* (right, above); *Nicolai Sergueeff, maître de ballet* (right, below) *and Helene Armfelt and corps-de-ballet in the second act of* Coppelia (below)



New Ballets

Le Peintre et son Modèle

First given at Le Théâtre des Champs-Elysées on Tuesday, November 15, 1949. Book by Boris Kochno; Music by Georges Auric; Choreography by Leonide Massine; Costumes by Balthus

CAST

The Painter .. Youly Algaroff
His Model .. Irène Skorik

An artist is working in his studio painting a portrait of a young girl who is posed on a rostrum. In a long and erotic *pas de deux*, in which his palette, a frame and the easel become involved, he tries to seduce her. She breaks away and retires to dress, leaving him furious with frustration. When she returns she is wearing an exotic dress with a panniered skirt in gold and red. The artist tears the dress off her only to reveal—death.

Massine has done a ballet for two people on this same theme previously for another company, only the music and choreography being different. This new version is virtually a new ballet. The finale with a young girl turning into death is not, unfortunately, a new one for this company. It has happened before in *Le Jeune Homme et La Mort* and, to a certain extent, in *Le Rendezvous*. However, Massine has devised an entirely new type of role for Skorik and turned her imperfections into qualities. Both she and Algaroff interpreted well, this complicated and acrobatic creation.

Action photo by Roger Wood

DEVOIRS De VACANCES

First given at Le Theâtre des Champs-Elysées on November 9, 1949. Book by Boris Kochno; Music by William Walton; Choreography by John Taras; décor and costumes by Cecil Beaton.

CAST

The Stars .. Irène Skorik & Youly Algaroff
Pas de Trois .. Hélène Constantine, Youra Loboff, Deryk Mendel
Little Lord Fauntleroy .. Leslie Caron
The Butterfly Catcher .. Youra Loboff
The Butterfly .. Hélène Constantine
The Young Widow .. Hélène Sadovska
Girls of the Company .. Elise Vallée, Tutti Enderlé, Annie Salvan, Geneviève Coulombel, Eliane Erdos
Boys of the Company .. Teddy Rodolphe, Jacques Ribes, Jean Blanchard, Robert Bourbao, Christian Foye

This work was designed as an opening ballet; it is no more than a *divertissement*. The slender theme is based on the idea that the company have been away for a holiday and while away they imposed a holiday task on themselves. Each one thinks up a dance or scene based on some character in fiction or of the theatre. On their return they show the result of their labours. One is Little Lord Fauntleroy, another a young widow, another a model for Fragonard, two others a scene of a man catching a butterfly, and so on. . . .

It is a pity that Taras has not created more interesting dances for Walton's child pieces, because the whole essence of a ballet of this kind, without a story, is that the dances should show off the technical ability of those who perform them. Beaton's many-doored classroom is pretty, but his costumes too fussy on the whole.

Top left—*Leslie Caron as Little Lord Fauntleroy with Algaroff, and* (bottom left) *in her second costume*
Top right—*Constantine as the Butterfly and* (below) *in the* pas de trois *with Loboff and Mendel*

Le RÉPARATEUR De RADIO

First performance at Le Théâtre des Champs-Elysées on November 9, 1949. Book by Elsa Triolet; Music by Jean Rivier; Choreography by John Taras; Décor and costumes by Brassai.

CAST

The Little Guy .. .. Teddy Rodolphe
A Young Girl .. .. Danielle Darmance
The Father .. .. Christian Foye
The Mother .. .. Elise Vallée
The Grandmother .. .. .. Nicole Morice
Children and Cabaret Dancers .. Geneviève Coulombel, Eliane Erdos, Alexandra Hirschler, Michèle Hoffer, Annie Salvan, Monique Bounimovitch, Christiane Franky, Yuna Russel

This ballet on the day of a little wireless-repairer has caused a storm of abuse. Partly political and partly because the work was too long and repetitive. Taras has told the story through the medium of acrobatics and with spoken interruptions from the radio. The young boy gets up in the morning, does his exercises—his girl comes in and they make love—they go off to the country—his family pay him a visit with their children—the two lovers return in the evening—listen to the radio—turn out the lights and go to bed.

The complicated leaps and somersaults in the choreography are at variance with this simple everyday story, though no two people in the world could do them better than Rodolphe and Darmance.

Darmance and Rodolphe in the pas de deux
(*Photos: Bernand, Paris*)

TILL EU

Till makes amorous advances to a wealthy gentleman's wife (Hélène Constantine) *(Photo: Bernand, Paris)*

FIRST performance at Le Theâtre des Champs-Elysées, November 9, 1949, and is Jean Babilée's version of the 15th-century Low German folk tale of unknown origin.

Music by Richard Strauss is the symphonic poem that had its first performance in Cologne in 1895. The Russian composer, Steinberg (pupil and son-in-law of Rimsky-Korsakov) had previously composed music for a ballet of the same name in Russia. The subject had also been used for, at least, five operas—by Blockx Braunfels, Kistler, Lothar and Rezniček.

Choreography by Jean Babilée. For notes on Babilée see page six.

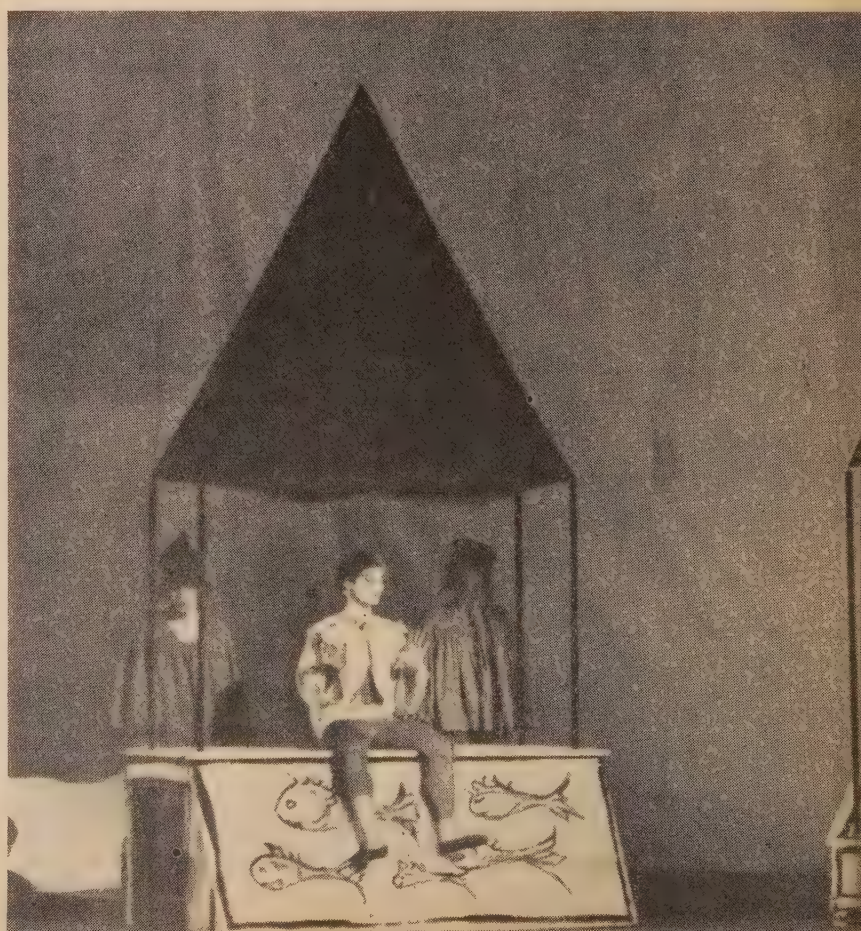
Décor and costumes by Tom Keogh. This is not Keogh's first work for this company; in 1947 he designed *Le Portrait de Don Quichotte.* In the following year designed the American musical film, *The Pirate* (Judy Garland and Gene Kelly). After that returned to Paris to work for the French *Vogue.*

Jean Babilée as T

Nijinsky, Babilée and Till

NIJINSKY realised Richard Strauss's symphonic poem as a ballet in 1916; it was almost the last creation that the world was to see from the legendary dancer. Thirty-three years later Babilée used the same music, the same subject but with a different approach—it was almost his first creation. Only the future can decide whether this is the case of one great dancer carrying on where the other left off.

For dancers of the calibre of these two the story is ideal—Till Eulenspiegel is a figure from mediaeval folk-law, a rogue whose pranks set at naught the customs and conventions of the people. He flits in and out of the market place disguised sometimes as knight, professor, clergyman or clown; in each case mocking the people and upsetting their regular way of life. Eventually they are stirred to anger by his speeches and he is arrested and brought before a judge. True to himself, he only mocks the court and is sentenced to death. After his death on the gallows the people are overcome with remorse; they remember his gaiety, wit and fascinating personality and how he brightened



...NSPIEGEL

: Bernand, Paris)

CAST

Till	Jean Babilée
Nell	Elise Vallée
First Lady ..	Danielle Darmance
A Gentleman ..	Deryk Mendel
His Wife ..	Hélène Constantine
Tradesmen ..	Teddy Rodolphe ; Christian Foye; Robert Bourbao; Jacques Ribes; Jean Blanchard; Nicole Morice
Hunchbacks ..	Michèle Hoffer; Annie Salvan; Eliane Erdos; Alexandra Hirschler; Geneviève Coulombel
A Hangman - Gendarmes - A Judge	

Till with his only real love, Nell (Elise Vallée) *(Photo: Bernand, Pari*

their dull lives. They are only consoled by the fact that his spirit will live forever in their hearts.

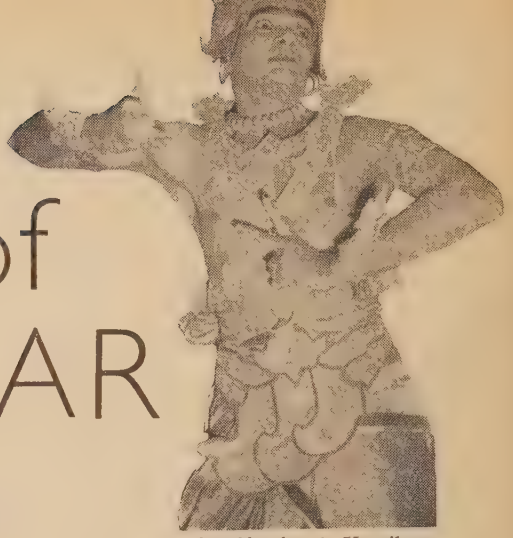
Nijinsky's version, designed by Robert Edmond Jones, followed very closely the story as imagined by Strauss. Babilée has tried to capture the spirit of the character rather than follow closely to the story. In this version he never dies; it is a picture of the eternal rogue who has one pure and sentimental love in his life—Nell. In the end she escapes with him from justice, and they live happily ever after.

It is unfortunate that the ballet has to fit into the short space of time dictated by the music because it is impossible to more than sketch-in the various characters. A composer can build up a character in a few bars, but a choreographer needs longer.

Keogh's designs are very simple but create perfectly the impression of a mediaeval market-place. The pink backcloth and wings set off the bright awnings of the stalls (with their wares outlined in black and white), and the elaborate and fantastic silhouette of the costumes.

(Left) Till provokes the tradespeople in the market place *(Photo: Roger Wood)*

the return of SHANKAR



Uday Shankar in Kartikeya

IT is over fifteen years since Uday Shankar was in this country; then he was hailed as the greatest Indian dancer to be seen outside his native land. Few people in England had seen Indian dancing before so they had no standard on which to base their judgement.

Since those days there have been many dancing visitors from the Orient including Ram-Gopal, Shevanti, Mrinalini Sarabhai, Chatunni Panniker and Shivaram. Now it is possible to hear occidentals bandying words such as "Shringara", and "Bhanyanaka", around the foyers whenever there are these exotic eastern occasions. Whether people really know what they are talking about is uncertain, but it does mean that they probably know more than they did fifteen years earlier.

At most of these performances it has been possible to see the four main types of Indian dancing; *Kathakali*, the dance drama of Malabar, in which the vocalist sings the story as it is danced; *Bharata Natya*, the most pure dance-form from Tanjore, mainly religious; *Kathak* from North India—and *Manipuri*, folk dances from the province of that name and one of the most fluid of all types.

A westerner who does not understand all the mudras (movements) or rasas (moods) can only look at dancing of this sort through western eyes and it must have been with this in mind that Uday Shankar composed his programme for the six performances at the Piccadilly Theatre in December.

Fifteen years age a dancer and although his figure is still very good there seemed to be a considerable slowing-down of Shankar's performance; it appeared the whole company had been toned down to keep everything on the same level.

There was little of the excitement of the old days, possibly because exotic rhythms are no longer a novelty.

The production and lighting were excellent. The orchestra of weird instruments ranged along the back of the stage for the entire evening made an effective background.

Even to our jaded western ears the orchestra had an eternal soothing quality. Some of the instruments are shown on this page. *Bottom left*—Bardal is shown playing a flute while Biren plays on the Serode, a mixture of a zither and guitar. *In the centre*—Gopal plays the Ganelons, pot-shaped drums with a bell-like tone. *And on the right*—Karandikar plays the Tabla-Tarang, finger drums which have a strange resonance and musicality unlike other drums. It was the orchestra that gave the whole performance a flow and continuity that it would have otherwise lacked had the music been played on gramophone records, as often happens.

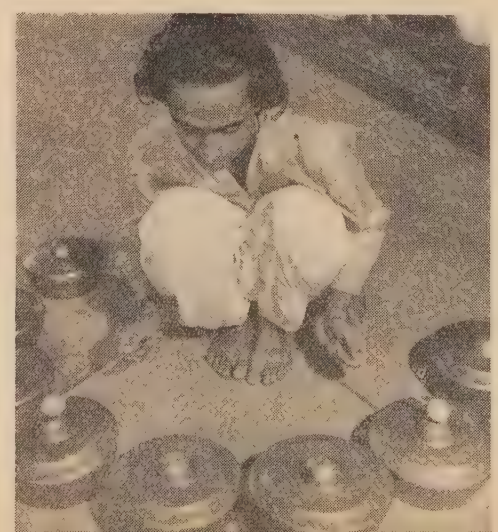
The dances which made the evening memorable were—Shankar's *Kartikeya* (photo above); as the son of Shiva he comes to get the blessing of his parents and other gods before battle. And *Rasa Leela*, in which he appears as the blue god, Krishna, having a jolly romp with cowherds and milkmaids.

Amala (Shankar's wife) is charming in a scene called *Grass cutters* in which Himalayan girls tease her about the big circumference of her future husband and in *Manipuri Rasa* (photo *top left*) in which devotees invoke the Lord Krishna. Mahibir's Manipur drum dance (*photo left*) was the most spirited number of the evening.

We were left with an impression of good taste; of some of the loveliest costumes seen here for a long time; of surprise that those "funny noises" could be so beautiful. The regret that there was no classical Indian dancing. There was the realisation of how cumbersome is our occidental ballet, which needs truck-loads of scenery, vast orchestras and huge companies of dancers to express all the oriental can by just the flicker of an eye or finger.

P.W.

Photographs by Chris Ware



Television

Wilde's Salomé

First on T.V.

Michael Holmes as the Prophet resisting the advances of Celia Franca as Salomé in the television version of Wilde's play (Photo: B.B.C.)

PRESENTATION of ballet for television has not so far been entirely satisfactory. The main reasons: smallness of the screen; limited space in the studio; no colour; and no imagination from some producers.

If the work is shot "straight", that is, from the angle that theatre audiences see it, the whole thing immediately becomes flat because studio lighting has to be full on.

If clever angle-shots and close-ups are tried, the general effect is worrying and distracting. Christian Simpson produced Metropolitan and Ballet Rambert earlier in the year and proved that a sensitive producer, who understands the art he is presenting, can give ballet some life, rather than the fish-on-marble slab effect we had become used to.

The directors of television, realising that ballet will play an important part in its future, commissioned Celia Franca to choreograph *The Dance of Salomé*, based on Wilde's play, as the first dance drama created specially for television. The work had two performances, with Franca in the title role supported by Metropolitan Ballet.

This Yellow-book interpretation of the bible story was probably ideal for the experiment, although it is hard to know, when you are familiar with a work, how much the public is going to understand.

To those who knew the play there can have been no doubt, but I cannot help feeling that the less fortunate must have been flummoxed by some passages, as there was no explanation at all.

The significance of certain incidents should have been clarified. For instance, was it clear to most people that Herod's ring (a rather unformed skull) meant death? That Salomé plotted the death of John the Baptist because he ignored her amorous advances? That the Syrian killed himself because she ignored his? Had these and several other incidents been made clearer, the drama would have been considerably heightened.

The mixture of dance and drama did not seem to have completely found its level. It should have been either stylised (and here a more bold, imaginative treatment of costumes would have helped) or absolutely realistic; a mixture of both is not a happy entanglement.

This criticism does not mean it was not good. Far from it—I found myself enthralled for 45 minutes each time and pleasantly reminded of those spectacular German films of the 'twenties.

Franca as Salomé, Osins as Herod, Allegro as Herodias, Burniak as the Syrian, Holmes as the Prophet, all conveyed the decadence of Wilde and the brutality of the bible, which would have been helped still more had the make-up been darker; everyone except the coloured executioner had a Theda Bara-ish chalkiness.

The palatial setting by Stephen Bundy was one of the most elaborate yet seen on television.

What they said . . .

Mad Tristan

MAD TRISTAN *was presented for the first time in England at Covent Garden on July* 3, 1949. *Many people were provoked into loud, verbal protestations. Discordant cries of "rubbish" and "ring down the curtain", to mention a few polite ones, could be heard on the crest of the strains of Wagner's score. The only missing reaction was indifference. The pandemonium was emulated by the discordance of the critics. This is what they said—*

RICHARD BUCKLE (*Observer*)

Wagner would have hated Massine's use of his music in *Mad Tristan*, yet the ballet is full of stimulating ideas and symbols, and there are fine passages of dancing if you watch for them. Salvador Dali emerges as the ideal designer, potentially, for Wagnerian opera: his Catalan paranoia would flourish on a diet of recurrent *Leitmove*.

A. V. COTON (*Sunday Times*)

Mad Tristan, to Wagner music and with scenario and décor by Salvador Dali, would possibly have been a sensation in the 1930s when Surrealism seemed to have some merit as a philosophical viewpoint; today the work with its blatant sexual symbolism is merely a bore.

CARYL BRAHMS (*Evening Standard*)

Dali's vision of the philosophy of Wagner as a corrupt, decadent—even exasperating—doctrine, may not be yours any more than it is, at all points mine. I am no more able to tell you precisely what it is that I have seen than I could dash off an outline of the theory of relativity. I only know that the ballet moved and stimulated me.

To apply to the work the only terms by which I can judge it, I would say that Dali has painted three magnificent canvasses whose tragic power and sense of affliction will live in the illustrated textbooks of The Ballet, long after the work has faded from the stage.

That the choreographer has grasped and conveyed the painter's comment with an abstract poetry that it is in no way impaired by upside-down dancers with masks on their toes, or an apotheosis of wheelbarrows.

That a most courageous band of dancers worked superbly and seriously in the cause of the strangest form of beauty this theatre can ever have seen; and that the irrelevances of which the work was composed all seemed strictly relevant to me.

CYRIL BEAUMONT (*Ballet and Opera*)

The principle interest of the ballet is Dali's drop curtain, settings, and costumes. Whether one approves or disapproves of Dali's fantastic art there is no denying that he is a wonderful draftsman with a superb sense of colour. The problem of presenting a ballet of this type is the difficulty of devising surrealist choreography which shall not only harmonize with the settings and costumes but also offer the same richness of fantastic invention combined with bizarre beauty. I do not pretend to have grasped from a single performance the significance of the symbolism, sacred and profane, with which Dali has invested the work and which Massine has sought to match—not always successfully—in his choreography, but there are moments, however fleeting, when the ballet takes on a rare haunting beauty. For instance, when the red cloaked Flute Player symbolising Death appears on a low bank, beside the adjacent heights of veridan green; and when the shrouded corpse of Tristan is lowered inch by inch into the depths of the tomb from whose walls protrude white arms with slowly waving fingers, waiting eagerly to receive the slowly descending body.

NEW STATESMAN

How odd that people should have taken *Mad Tristan*, the Salvador Dali-Massine-Wagner ballet, which is in London for the first time, so seriously! An eminent conductor is reported to have said that if it was not for his reputation, he would have made a terrible scene. . . . The sets in Dali's recent scent advertisement manner, were slick and extravagant, and surprisingly good theatre. Only the costumes are poor. If this piece ultimately fails, it is the fault of Massine's inappropriate choreography, occasionally it is elegant, decorative or witty, but mostly it is hackwork in the master's earlier manner. The rather twentyish dance patterns express nothing of the Lush Surrealist idiom; they are altogether too crisp, never fluid or sinister enough. Eglevsky danced the heavy part of Tristan beautifully.

It is understandable that exception should be taken to the rather silly use of Wagner's music; otherwise the piece was merely a gay nightmare pantomime, which anyone could take a young niece to see. For Dali has admirably realised the Freudian ideal—bring your complexes out into the open and air them and they will turn out to be quite healthy after all.

Dancers you should know . . .

TOMMY LINDEN

WHEN Marie Lloyd had successfully sung and danced an Irish jig at the Grecian Saloon in 1885 (she was only fifteen) she wrote, "went down 'immense', as the saying is". As a prediction of future accomplishments this was no exaggeration; her place in the archives of music-hall history remains undisputed; Tommy Linden, her great-nephew, has made no such prediction about his own future in the theatre. He has no need to—journalists have made it for him.

Handicapped early by feet that were forming badly, he was promised dance training as a reward for wearing corrective shoes prescribed by the family doctor. Tommy, then 14, objected to wearing the unattractive boots, but determined to become a tap-dancer, like the man he had seen in vaudeville, he submitted docilely.

When his mother died, shortly after his fourteenth birthday, the project looked like being abandoned. But Tommy's older sister remembered the promise and a year later master Thomas gleefully enrolled at the Lina Bodenham School, Johannesburg.

Two years of training at the Bodenham School is easily described as "well rounded", with courses in ballet, tap-dancing, acrobatics, Greek and ballroom dancing.

Encouraged by enthusiastic teachers and favourable press notices for concert work in Johannesburg, Tom planned a trip to London. He arrived in 1940, accompanied by his sister, soon enrolled at the Freddie Carpenter School, and concentrated on ballet and tap.

Progress at the Carpenter School was rapid, preparing him for his first professional job in the musical *Funny Side Up* in autumn, 1940. This musical by Stanley Lupino, featuring Sally Gray and Florence Desmond, ran for six months.

Tommy's career was interrupted by the blitz; when he returned to London after evacuation, he eagerly accepted Ninette de Valois' invitation to study at the Wells' School. He devoted six months to intensive training at the School, left it to join the New Russian Opera and Ballet Company.

Whether or not the move precluded a bright future in Sadler's Wells Ballet cannot be determined here. The New Russian Opera and Ballet Company made him a soloist. Later, when the Opera half of the company was liquidated, he became *première danseur*. In the repertoire of the New Russian Ballet were works by Wendy Toye, Pauline Grant and Catherine Devillier.

His collaboration with Wendy Toye in the New Russian Ballet Company was providence at work. When the company expired, Miss Toye gave Tommy a dancing lead in *Strike a New Note*, the Black-Nesbitt production starring Sid Field.

By the end of this successful run the indication was that Tommy's particular brand of dancing belonged in musical comedy. A summer season in Blackpool in *Look Who's Here* was followed by an engagement in George Black's musical *Jenny Jones*, at the Hippodrome.

In August, 1945, he opened in Noel Coward's *Sigh No More*, for which Wendy Toye created the effective "Blithe Spirit Ballet" to a Richard Addinsell score.

Spurred by rapidly mounting success, Tommy diverted most of his leisure to perfecting his dance technique. Trying to accomplish too much in too little time, he broke his toe during class exercises. He was dogged for a year by this injury, his only activity being a little acting with a group theatre toward the end of his recovery.

As soon as he could get about again, Tommy was back at Volkova's studio making up for lost time. As such things must be done gradually he refused long-run offers. He managed a series of television revues, dancing the Bluebird Variation from *Sleeping Princess*, with Joan Sheldon.

In spring, 1948, he was invited by Roland Petit to join the newly forming Ballets de Paris. Delighted with the chance to work in Paris and eager to establish in his own mind how deeply rooted he was in "ballet", he accepted readily.

The season at the Marigny lasted for three months, when, to the accompaniment of clashing temperaments (Petit's and his own) Tommy fled to the sanctuary of a new Parisian revue, *Kermesse de Chanson*.

Unquestionably happier in familiar surroundings, he danced the lead in a ballet choreographed by Wendy Toye. Collaboration with Wendy again proved lucrative when, shortly after the closing of *Kermesse de Chanson*, she brought him back to London to do the solo dancing in Cochran's latest musical *Tough at the Top*.

Not content with success as a dancer, Tommy has written the book for a musical. Wendy Toye is reading it, with an eye to near-future production.

Schools

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The British School of Russian Ballet (System of Legat) has re-opened at St. Luke's South Hall, St. Luke's Street, Chelsea, S.W.7. Director: John Gregory. Secretary: Olga Olsen. Faculty: N. Nicolaeva-Legat, Barbara Vernon, Angelo Andes and Jack Spurgeon.

ON Tuesday, December 6, the British School of Russian Ballet was opened by Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin.

In London there are many ballet schools and many more teachers. Why did these two great dancers take the trouble to visit and open what seems to be just another ballet school?

The name of the school gives no clue as to their reason; the British School of Russian Ballet—surely that is a contradiction in itself? How can a school of Russian ballet be British?

But none of the names chosen for the myriad ballet schools in London and its suburbs ever give an indication of the type of school they adorn. Misguided teachers happily christen their schools with names like "The Sunbeam School of Dancing". One look at the pupils shows that no sunbeam has ever been near the place.

Why, then, did Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin personally endorse the British School of Russian Ballet by opening it? Publicity? No. It was the school that gained from their presence at the opening ceremony. These dancers are famous enough to bring publicity to any ceremony they attend.

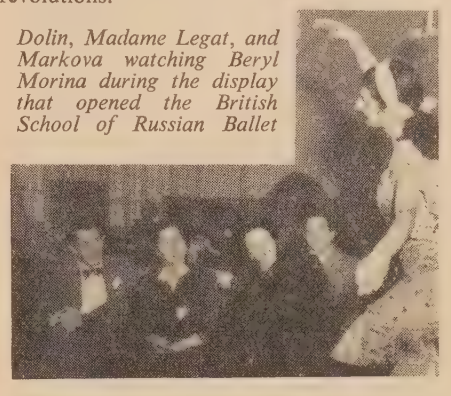
Perhaps the answer is in the second item of the opening programme—*Class in Progress*, by Nadine Nicolaeva Legat. There, too, is the explanation of how a school of Russian Ballet can be British.

Madame Legat is the widow of Nicholas Legat, one of the Imperial Russian Ballet's great dancers and teachers. As Nadine Nicolaeva she was a brilliant dancer and his favourite pupil. She is part of the tradition of the Russian School of dancing.

Nicholas Legat himself was a pupil of Christian Johansen, who, although a Swede, was one of Russia's greatest teachers. He it was who blended the French and Italian systems of dancing into a method of teaching purely Russian.

For years Legat studied with him, then after graduating into the Imperial Ballet, began to assist his master, helping to establish the traditions he had built up.

So the Russian method was handed directly to him from its creator. Legat, in his turn, imparted all his knowledge to pupil Nadine Nicolaeva. She studied with him from childhood and absorbed his methods. Together they continued to work through wars and revolutions.



Dolin, Madame Legat, and Markova watching Beryl Morina during the display that opened the British School of Russian Ballet

Then, in the late 1920's, they settled in London, where, in their vast studio in Baron's Court, he began to teach again. Celebrated visiting dancers eagerly returned to their old master.

Working with him as a teacher was his wife, Nicolaeva. Gradually, as Legat grew older, she took an increasingly active part in teaching his pupils.

In 1937 Legat died. The loss to dancers throughout the world was great. Fortunately Madame Legat was there to carry on her husband's work; she gave classes in the Baron's Court studio.

When war came she evacuated her school to Seer Green. Many of her pupils were children and their safety had to be considered. In this tiny village she continued teaching.

Dancers in London missed her, for one of Madame Legat's greatest gifts is the enthusiasm with which she infects pupils. Her will-power makes even the most technically difficult classes an exhilarating experience.

At first sight her temperament and talent seem more suited to the teaching of professionals, who are better able to understand her sometimes scathing comments. But Madame Legat adapted and subdued her personality.

It took a great deal of self discipline. A perfectionist herself, she has always been impatient of slowness or laziness in others.

Yet in class with the children, her patience was endless and her enthusiasm just as infectious. She transformed shy and awkward children, giving them confidence, dancing with them as she demonstrated steps.

Toward the end of the war the school moved to Tunbridge Wells, where, in larger premises, the Legat school continues. It is run similarly to the old Imperial School of Russia and the new Sadler's Wells Ballet School in London. Children are given sound, general education as well as training in ballet.

Now, in St. Luke's South Hall, Chelsea, dancers in London again can study under Madame Legat. On certain days she leaves Tunbridge Wells and comes to London to teach in this new school, founded with one aim; to preserve the great traditions which Nicholas Legat worked for; to give English dancers that indefinable excitement in their work, the sense of style and manner that is an intrinsic part of the Russian School.

The director and other teachers on the staff were all trained by Madame Legat or her husband. Grounded in the system she loves so well, they continue her work under an ever-watchful eye.

The British School of Russian Ballet has a right to its name. It is a British School, but its teachings are directly descended from the Imperial School of Russia. It was right, too, that Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin should open the school. They are British dancers directly descended from the Imperial School of Russia.

N.M.

(News and photographs of schools are always welcome and will be used if space permits.—Editor.)

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continued from page five

REVIEW OF THE YEAR

August 1

Stars of the Ballet at Prince's Theatre were a collection of foreign artists, including Chauviré, Vyroubova, Ana Navada, Krassovska and Kalioujny, giving concert performances. In this country we have not found the formula for presenting dancers in this way; a public almost satiated with large-scale ballet are not going to be content with isolated *soli* and *pas de deux*.

Only Franco-Spanish Ana Navada's type of dancing seemed suitable for this sort of thing.

August 22

Markova and Dolin with the Ballet Rambert at the Harringay Galas. Presentation was simpler than at Empress Hall and better for it. The mantle of Pavlova seemed literally to have fallen on Markova as she danced to Saint Saëns' *Swan*. Her *Sylphides* and *Casse Noisette* were models for young dancers to study with awe and reverence.

Walter Gore's *Simple Symphony* proved to be another ballet that can stand up to arena treatment.

September 13

Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées gave 10 performances at Prince's Theatre on their way home from the Edinburgh Festival. Dancers included Skorik, Philippart, Constantine, Babilée, and Algaroff, with guest artist Vyroubova. Programmes included three new works created since they were here last—*La Nuit*, *La Rencontre* and *L'Amour et son Amour*.

The first, a poetic study of passing attraction in a poor quarter, was originally seen in Cochran's 1930 *Revue*, when Lifar did the choreography. Now, Janine Charrat has re-choreographed it to the original score (Sauguet) and décor (Bérard).

The two latter were also responsible for the music and décor of *La Rencontre*, with choreography by Lichine. This meeting between Oedipus (Babilée) and The Sphinx (Caron), his answers to her riddles, their fight and her death, would have been better had Lichine thought of something less banal for the interrogation scene. Even so, it was a moving and disturbingly exciting work with all the mystical significance of near-eastern fable.

Babilée's *L'Amour et son Amour*, based on the legend of Cupid and Psyche, to Caesar Franck music, was his first excursion into choreography. It flows easily and lyrically and he has devised a beautiful *pas de deux* for he and his wife, Philippart.

Nina Vyroubova, dancing in two performances of *La Sylphides*, again showed that if Taglioni has a counterpart today, here she is.

September 27

Opening of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet's winter season brought *Sea Change*, a new work by John Cranko to the music of the year's most popular ballet composer—Sibelius.

This is Cranko's third creation for this company; he has used the story of a fishing village (designed by John Piper) with its trials and tribulations. One of the inhabitants is drowned, his young wife is demented with grief, after that life continues on its eternal round.

Cranko is one of the most promising of our young choreographers, but in this case the theme and particularly the music have obscured his pattern. Yet a dramatic ballet like this is a valuable addition to the repertoire.

Remainder of the year's events are dealt with elsewhere in this issue and in the January number of DANCE AND DANCERS.

We regret that Miss Caryl Brahms has been indisposed and unable to contribute to this number.

New Books

Music and the Dance, by Edwin Evans (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., 6s.)

In *Music and the Dance*, Dyneley Hussey writes in his tribute to Edwin Evans: "He had a knowledge of good cooking, such as is usually found only in Frenchmen, and, like a Frenchman, tended his own *potager* (kitchen-stove)."

However remote the ingredients for good cooking are from the materials used in compiling a good book Edwin Evans has applied the same consistency in producing a work that will prove invaluable to would-be choreographers, choreographers and composers for Ballet.

The basis for writing this book could possibly be summed up by quoting from the chapter on *A Partnership*: Rarely, and only in the work of eminent choreographists does the dance avail itself fully of the opportunities of enhanced effect afforded by the music; and, vice versa, rarely is the music illumined by being visualised in the dance. Proceeding from this hypothesis, Mr. Evans cites constructive methods and simple rules for avoiding the pitfalls which harangue choreographers when choosing music for a ballet.

This work is well integrated, covering all aspects of dance as related to music, and vice versa. In the chapter devoted to the choice of music he offers sound advice—beware of the music, however good in itself, which the public has taken into its accepted repertoire; the choice of music, no less than the dance itself, should reflect something of the dancer's personality.

This is good English cooking!

Dances of England and France, 1450-1600, by Mabel Dolmetsch (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 42s.).

Mrs. Dolmetsch has produced a most valuable work, comparable to Arbeau's famous *Orchesography*. With a wealth of factual detail she gives the principal forms and examples of scores for the eight main dances used in the French and English courts during the 15th and 16th centuries. Dances mentioned by Shakespeare and his contemporaries such as the Branle, the Pavane, the Galliard, La Volta and the gay Coranto, and the Allemande. The general mode of performance is given, as extracted from a score of different authorities.

Mrs. Dolmetsch, whose family is famous for its research into music and musical instruments, has not devoted much time to the origin of the dances. For example she attributes the origin of the Pavane to the city of Padua, or to the peacock, whereas a glance at the Italian celebration, known today as the *Beffana* (the day Italian children receive their New Year presents), would help to reveal the true source. Similarly the Allemande is not in origin the name for a German dance (the Italians have always called the Germans, Tedeschi) but derives from the sacred dance of the Almond; there are still traces in York Minster of the floor pattern once used for this dance.

This book gives us many hints and help in tracing the sources of dance form, music and social ceremonial and sacred ritual dances. The result is a work that should be in the library of every choreographer or producer.

W.G.R.

Theatre Street, by Tamara Karsavina, illustrated (Constable, 21s.).

Thirty Dozen Moons, by H. J. Bruce, illustrated (Constable, 12s. 6d.).

Karsavina's autobiography is still the best book about a dancer by a dancer and makes most of the thousands of words written since by far more experienced writers superfluous. We shall never get a better picture of the Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg from a pupil or a dancer. The book has been impossible to buy for many years but now Constable have published a new and enlarged edition with many plates and an added chapter on Diaghilev.

There is a far greater and lasting pleasure in this book than in many a performance in the theatre.

Karsavina's husband, H. J. Bruce, says little about ballet in his book *Thirty Dozen Moons* but you cannot help feeling that it is always there, like a seductive vampire, in the background. He does, however, give a very interesting account of their private life in the various European capitals. And if anyone is still misguided enough to think that a great dancer's life is all mink, orchids and champagne, this book will teach them otherwise.

The Ballet Pocket Series, Stories of the Ballets; by Marion Robertson, illustrated by Joyce Millen (Black, 2s. 6d).

Hamlet and Miracle in the Gorbals (one vol.).

The Rake's Progress and Checkmate (one vol.).

The cascading popularity of ballet has produced a flood of publications in miniature; designed to give ballet to the public in a condensed, economical and comfortable form. Latest contender for the loose shekels of ballet bibliophiles is this series, (three inches by five) with attractively bound hard covers, but anaemically illustrated.

Briefly but adequately prefaced, with tribute dealt to the right people; a blow by blow description of the ballet's text follows. This is lucidly written with emphasis on details. Were it not for the obscure, expressionless drawings, which do nothing to emulate the author's enthusiastic, glowing descriptions of a ballet's décor (viz., Leslie Hurry's décor for *Hamlet*: "Lights are slowly raised, revealing the sensual, savage beauty of the palace with its hot, sultry colours, and the Court Ladies entry, dressed in deep crimson gowns banded with golden ribbons, etc.," *Stories of the Ballets* could be recommended with few reservations.

Ballet, by Arnold Haskell (9th impression) (Pelican, 1s. 6d.).

Mr. Haskell has revised and enlarged this inexpensive and helpful book. First published in 1938, it is still the best guide to the mysteries of ballet for the price. There is a brief and comprehensive background to modern ballet, profiles of outstanding personalities, and descriptions of works generally seen in the repertoire of most companies. Inner mysteries such as a *Pas de Bourrée* or a *Rond de Jambes* are clearly described. The only things that have dated are the scraper-board drawings by Miss Ambrose which have a pre-war flavour, perhaps she can be persuaded to do some new ones for the tenth impression.

Background to a Ballet, by John Speed and Louis Klemantaski (Louis Klemantaski, 3s. 6d.).

To many people outside the theatre, there is a certain fascination as to what goes on backstage. John Speed's picture book takes you behind the scenes at Covent Garden and pleasantly destroys any illusions you may have had. This booklet will be useful to those who like to see some of the wheels go round.—**P.W.**

Books Received

The Little Ballerina, by Lewis Gilbert and M. Cathcart Borer (Pitman, 6s.).

The Stage as a Profession, by Rose Tenent (Vawser and Wiles, 2s.).

Writing for the Stage, by George Taylor (Vawser and Wiles, 2s.).

There's Money in Dancing, by Rose Tenent (Vawser and Wiles, 2s.).

New Records

The Red Shoes Ballet Music (Brian Easdale), Columbia DX-1597-8.

Except for the bobby-soxers of ballet and the devotees of personality Brian Easdale's ballet music in the film *The Red Shoes* was probably the most satisfying aspect of that hitching of a Technicolor wagon to the ballet stars. In its place as music to the ballet it was ideal. It supported and enhanced the visual and emotional appeal of the choreography and swept the audience along on exactly the tide of feeling that the makers of the ballet and the film intended. But it has the fault of its virtue, in that apart from the ballet it has little effect at all, and the issuing of it on records will hardly have the nostalgic effect that is made by music with a more popular or tuneful appeal. Ballet enthusiasts who collect records will not be able to give it the affection which they allot to many of the more worthy scores recently put on record.

Although in the main well recorded, on a set of discs almost completely without scratch or hiss, the music sounds as if it had been lifted in its entirety from a film sound-track, for it has the same cavernous depths of bass in recording, an advantage in penetrating a large auditorium but less comfortable for home consumption. The Philharmonia Orchestra under Muir Matheson play it with due regard for the dynamic limitations of recording, yet achieving the intensity of climaxes and the subtle nuances of pianissimo that recall the emotional gradations of the ballet.

Apart from the full orchestral sections which suffer from the fullness of bass, clarity a is feature of the recording; delineation is remarkably clear and clean except in middle registers, where even the crispness of harp tone is noticeably affected. Whether the putting of this music on record will create any permanence for the ballet itself remains to be seen—or heard.

E.S.

Next month

In DANCE AND DANCERS for MARCH:
(published February 25)

COVER: MARTHA GRAHAM
America's Foremost Exponent of Modern Dance

Photo-supplement of new ballets:
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
YESTERYEAR
THE STORY OF BALLET RAMBERT
JOHN CRANKO and his ballets
EVAN SENIOR on TCHAIKOVSKY
THE EMPIRE DANCERS
CINDERELLA ON ICE
DANCERS YOU SHOULD KNOW

More pictures than ever, all the regular feature and plenty to read

Ballet Dates

THIS "At-a-glance" Guide shows where the English companies are now. For further news and details of each company see *Dance and Dancers* "At Home" pages.

SADLER'S WELLS at COVENT GARDEN

Jan. 26	*The Sleeping Beauty*	(Fonteyn)
Jan. 27	,, ,,	(Grey)
Jan. 28 (M)	,, ,,	(Fonteyn)
Jan. 29	,, ,,	(Shearer)
Feb. 3	,, ,,	(Fonteyn)
Feb. 4 (M)	,, ,,	(Shearer)
Feb. 4 (E)	,, ,,	(Grey)
Feb. 6	,, ,,	(Fonteyn)
Feb. 9	,, ,,	(Grey)
Feb. 11 (M)	,, ,,	(Fonteyn)
Feb. 11 (E)	,, ,,	(Shearer)
Feb. 13	,, ,,	(Fonteyn)
Feb. 15	,, ,,	(Shearer)
Feb. 18 (M)	,, ,,	(Grey)
Feb. 18 (E)	,, ,,	(Fonteyn)
Feb. 21	*Les Sylphides, Don Quixote, Les Patineurs*	
Feb. 24	,, ,, ,,	
Feb. 25 (M)	*Coppelia* (May)	
Feb. 25 (E)	*Coppelia* (Fonteyn)]	
Feb. 28	*Coppelia* (May)	
Mar. 2	*Coppelia* (Fonteyn)	
Mar. 3	*Scenes de Ballet, Don Quixote, Les Patineurs*	

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET at SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

Jan. 31 (E)	*Lac des Cygnes, Beauty and the Beast, El Destino* (first performance), *Les Rendez-vous*
Feb. 4 (M)	*Les Sylphides, Tritsch-Tratsch, El Destino, Selina*
Feb. 11 (M)	*Valses Noble, Sea Change, Beauty and the Beast, Casse Noisette*
Feb. 18 (M)	*Lac des Cygnes, Fete Etrange, Bluebird, El Destino*
Feb. 25 (M)	*Carnaval, Sea Change, Beauty and the Beast, Facade*

BALLET RAMBERT

Jan. 30	White Rock Pavilion, Hastings
Feb. 6	Television
Feb. 7	Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon
Feb. 14	Start on 6 weeks' tour of Germany

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

Jan. 25	Return from Zurich Rest for two weeks
Feb. 13	Empire Theatre, Cardiff (programmes consisting of *Swan Lake, Coppelia, Les Sylphides, Endymion, Visions, Sea Legend*)
Feb. 20	Second week at Cardiff (programmes consisting of *Sleeping Princess, Swan Lake, Les Sylphides, Endymion, Sea Legend Visions, Coppelia*)

Beryl Grey, who had one of the greatest personal successes during the recent Sadler's Wells tour in the States (*Photo: Angus McBean*)

Speak Up

Each month we shall print a selection of letters received, only extracts from long letters. Send to "Speak Up", DANCE AND DANCERS, Mersey House, 132-4 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

"Satellites" in Solitary . . . A Petition

SIR.—This season ballet lovers have been able to enjoy one evening's entertainment each week at Sadler's Wells. With the return of the major company, the Governors have deprived us of that evening, presumably because (*a*) we are catered for at Covent Garden, or (*b*) because of competing financially with Covent Garden.

The thousands who, like myself, have applied for seats by post, badgered agents, and queued for days in Floral St. and have finally obtained only back row "slips" almost in the "flys", will echo my sentiments when I say either of the above surmises are preposterous. It is virtually impossible for us to see the "Stars" so at least please let us support and encourage the "satellites".

We all know the demand is strong, and maybe a petition to the Governors of Sadler's Wells could help. I shall be pleased to receive any lists of signatories to such a Petition to add to those I have already collected.—JACK HOWARD, 27 *Clitheroe Road, London, S.W.9.*

SIR.—I have observed with concern the cessation of the evening performances at Sadler's Wells. As the entire season at Covent Garden appears to be so booked in advance, there seems little chance that any evening theatre-goers will have a chance to enjoy their ballet unless they were fortunate in booking so far ahead.

We would be only too ready to lend such support as might be in our power in appealing for evening performances.—DAVID M. SWAILES, 79 *Highbury, London, N.5.*

Where Are The Builders?

SIR.—Evan Senior's article "A Slipper for Cinderella" (D. and D., January) is the most sincere article which I have read in any Dance magazine for the last thirty years. With regard to sound, movement and colour in ballet, where Mr. Senior says, "Because all these three aspects of a ballet are of equal importance, the ideal arrangement would be a ballet in which all three were conceived simultaneously by the same mind", I think this is practical and possible, and was the method of Diaghilev. Since Diaghilev passed away no one has built anything on top of what he left, but all are trying to hang on as fast as they can to the remains.—DON DI SALVO, 11 *West St., London, W.C.2.*

That Hightower Girl!

SIR.—At last a publication which does justice to Rosella Hightower—a dancer consistently underrated by the Covent Garden public. She is one of the most consistent Giselles seen since the war, the moving simplicity of her Act I being almost on a level with her superb Act II. As you say (D. and D., January) there is very little with which she cannot cope, but if I had three wishes I should choose to see Hightower first as Aurora in the full length *Sleeping Princess*, secondly as Swanilda in *Coppelia*—a role for which she must surely have been born, and thirdly as the can-can dancer in *Boutique Fantasque*.—R.S., *London.*

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

After their great tour of America and Canada the SADLER'S WELLS BALLET returned to Covent Garden on Boxing Night. *Cinderella* was given instead of the promised *Sleeping Beauty* as the scenery for the latter had not arrived back from America. There appeared to be a number of changes—a new ending to the Autumn variation; the omission of the variation for the Fairy Godmother; alterations in the *pas de deux* for Fonteyn and Somes in Act 2 and a new *adagio* for them in Act 3. There was also a certain amount of new "business" for the two Ugly Sisters. Brian Shaw, who replaced Alexander Grant as the Jester, danced well but with little feeling or expression. Rosemary Lindsay seems to have completely taken over the role of the Summer Fairy, which now lacks the authority and quality that Violetta Elvin gave it during the first season. The general performance on this opening night was lacking the sparkle that made it so enchanting last year. The company seemed tired, but perhaps that was only a surfeit of Christmas dinner, anyway by the time these words are read they are certain to have re-gained their old lustre. The importance of creating a good impression on the return from a great triumph abroad, cannot be overlooked. It sometimes takes weeks, even months, to recover public sympathy if the first appearance fails to come up to expectation. Earlier in the year Ballet Rambert returned from a long and highly successful tour of Australia. Their many friends were all eager to welcome them back but many months elapsed before they had the chance and then the company was very depleted. The result being that it took a long time to regain their popularity. It is unlikely that such a thing could happen to the Wells as they are sold out for some time.

NINETTE DE VALOIS will, after all, create the first of the promised new ballets for the company. *Don Quixote* may have its first performance in February and will be the first work from De Valois since *Promenade* in 1943. Music for the new ballet is by Roberto Gerhard, Edward Burra has designed costumes and scenery.

First of the Balanchine ballets is to be *Ballet Imperial* to poor Mr. Tchaikowsky's G major piano concerto; it was originally created for American Ballet Caravan, when it had a setting by Doboujinsky. Now Berman has done a new décor.

First performance to be early in April; later in the month there will be a "character *divertissement*", *Ballabile*, by Roland Petit to Chabrier music and designed by Clavé, who astounded the world with his *Carmen* designs.

Yet another French designer is scheduled for Ashton's re-creation of *Sylvia*; he is Jean Hugo, a great-grandson of Victor Hugo and one of the best decorative artists in France. For Théâtre Francais he designed his great-grandfather's *Ruy Blas* and Racine's *Phedre*. For the ballet—*Les Cents Baisers* and *Les Amours de Jupiter*.

Our national company is progressively becoming international in flavour, the one thing that saves a company from being stodgily insular. Eventually it may be the most distinguishedly designed company in the world.

This fact, far from bringing complaints that English designers are seldom used, should make public and designers conscious of the shortcomings of English stage decorators. Let us hope that the imported designers do not lose everything in transit, a phenomenon that seems to have occurred frequently in the past, with the exception of Derain and his designs for *Mam'zelle Angot*.

The other Balanchine work *Concerto Barocco* will probably be seen later in the season, probably with the original Berman décor. It will be remembered that when the Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo gave this work they only used the cyclorama and the simplest of costumes resembling gym tunics.

Although Ashton and Helpmann were announced as creating new works no further statement has been made as to what they will be. Helpmann was originally to have done the *Don Quixote* that De Valois is now working on. And since writing the above it has been announced that Ashton is unlikely to choreograph *Sylvia* this year.

Instead we are to have the Scottish ballet that Massine evolved with painters McBride and Colquehoun. This work was promised nearly two years ago when Massine mounted his ill-fated *Clock Symphony*. It was shelved and we shall see it in the late spring.

*

On December 20 the SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET gave a new *pas de deux* by John Cranko. This was *Beauty and the Beast* to some of Ravel's *Mother Goose* music with Patricia Miller as Beauty and David Poole as the Beast. A *pas de deux* of this kind is apt to be treated with a certain amount of suspicion as we have become satiated by French companies giving a whole evening of ballets for two people only. But provided the thing goes no further, this new Cranko work should be a very valuable addition to the repertoire. It is more "adult" than anything we have yet seen from this talented young South African. One feels that for the first time he has really created the ballet he set out to. His dance

Kit Karson, producer from Radio City, New York, and choreographer Edward Noll, surrounded by the Empire Girls who are the big hit of the stage show at the Empire, Leicester Sq.

Jeanne Artois rehearsing with John Hall for Yesteryear *at the Empire*

patterns are not dominated by the music as in *Sea Change*; by the décor as in *Children's Corner* or by triviality in *Tritsch-Tratsch*. The beauty and excitement of the climax makes up for a slow start. There is one lapse into a Balanchine "slide" which caused murmurs of "Concerto Barocco" around the house. Patricia Miller looked and danced in the manner one would expect from a Beauty and she has vastly improved her technique since last season. Poole makes a noble Beast. The whole work seems to owe its inspiration more to Cocteau than Perrault.

The last act of *Casse Noisette* was revived on the same evening with Elaine Fifield as the Sugar Plum Fairy and David Blair as the Prince. The orchestra appeared to be at variance with the dancers which did not help matters nor was Doboujinsky properly represented by the very patch-work version of the scenery he designed for the Wells in the early thirties. It is not easy for a young dancer such as Fifield to follow in the steps of the great artists who have been seen in this role during the past few months—such as Markova, Hightower and Vyroubova. Comparisons are bound to crop up. But she danced the *pas de deux* with surety and a near brilliance, though she lacks softness and beauty of line. David Blair looks well on the stage, though the male variation seems to have some new steps that are not in other versions. Stella Clair as one of the Sugar Plum Fairy's attendants was outstanding for her quality and *ballon*.

Selina was in the same programme and in spite of its apparent popularity it has now lost much of the subtlety it once had. The clowning of Stanley Holden's Witch and David Gill's wicked stepfather has become exaggerated into pantomime knock-about humour, which also has infected the *corps de ballet* who burlesqued the whole thing. Skits of this kind are only funny if they are treated perfectly seriously.

Kathleen Gorham who, it will be remembered, danced with Roland Petit's Ballet de Paris at Princes Theatre in the spring, has now joined the company.

On January 31, Angelo Andes is mounting a new Spanish ballet *El Destino* with new music by Manuel Lazareno and costumes by Hugh Stevenson. Later in the season Michael Somes will create his first ballet to Respigi music and Fedorovitch décor.

*

BALLET RAMBERT will again be seen on television on Monday, February 6. After that they start on a six weeks' tour of Germany. They will take with them *Simple Symphony*, *Planets*, *Jardin aux Lilas*, *Gala Performance*, *Plaisance*, *Dark Elegies*, *Death and the Maiden*, *Facade*, *Fugitive* and *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*.

Margaret Hill, who danced the chief Nymph with Babilée in *L'Apres Midi D'un Faune* during the Nijinsky Galas at the Empress Hall, has had a great success, during the recent tour, in the role of *Odette* in *Lac des Cygnes* and as the Sugar Plum Fairy in *Casse-Noisette*.

Mary Monro, who was first noticed when she danced the Mortal-born-under-Venus in the *Planets* during the season at the Mercury Theatre last summer, has made a big hit in the *Fugitive*. She joined the company after they returned from the Australian tour. Before joining the Rambert School, she was a pupil of Marion Lombard of Chicester.

David Paltenghi is working on the choreography for a new ballet called *Eve of Saint Agnes*. This will have its first night after the company returns from the German tour.

*

After INTERNATIONAL BALLET return from giving nine performances in the Zurich Hallenstadiom, they will have two weeks out. On February 13 they open at the Empire Theatre, Cardiff, for two weeks. They will give the full-length *Swan Lake*, *Coppelia* and *Sleeping Princess*, as well as *Les Sylphides*, *Endymion*, *Sea Legend* and *Visions*. This theatre is another one that has been a cinema for many years and is now being re-opened for live performances.

*

METROPOLITAN BALLET are closing down after three years unless somebody comes forward and takes the company over, or a subsidy is found.

A pity that such a drastic move had to be made, because they were just finding their feet. Three years is the shortest time in which a company can establish itself.

Cecilia Blatch's company was making a name for itself as the sole organisation with courage to try out and develop new choreographers, designers and dancers. No other company two years ago was very interested in Svetlana Beriosova, but because of her chance with Metropolitan she may one day be one of the world's greatest stars.

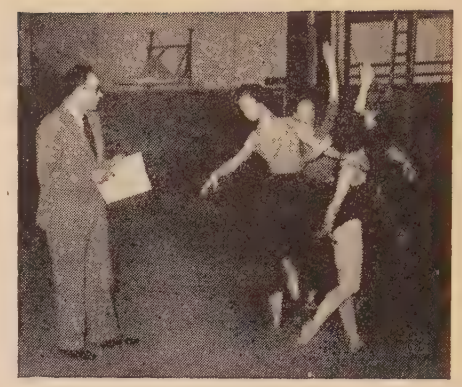
In this way, dancers such as Colette Marchand, Sonia Arova, Paul Gnatt, Erik Bruhn and Frank Shaunfuss became known to the English public. Rosella Hightower, Andrée Howard, John Taras, Frank Staff and Victor Gsovsky created new works. For Metropolitan, Massine revived his *Beau Danube* and Beriosoff revived Fokine's *Prince Igor*.

Ballet mistress Celia Franca was responsible for the high standard of the *corps de ballet* and of the revivals of classical ballets without which no company can exist.

*

It seems that the Arts Council are to withdraw their subsidy from the ST. JAMES'S BALLET when the company finish their tour of the West Country at the end of January. Whether Alan Carter is to continue on his own or not, is still uncertain.

This company, like the Metropolitan, had its definite place in the English ballet scene. It brought ballet to all the small towns and villages that would not otherwise have a chance of seeing it. It was severely criticised at the start, but what company has not? Growing pains are always uncomfortable. Here again was a company that was willing to try out young and unknown choreographers, designers and composers and now again another door is going to be closed to the person without an established name. Let us hope that Mr. Carter will be able to find some way of keeping his young company together.



Edward Noll rehearsing Annette Chapell and others for the Empire Ballet

On Boxing Day the "new" EMPIRE so long promised us by the Press opened. New it certainly was even if the producers of the elaborate stage show did go back to the past for inspiration. True the Empire Girls in their glittering finale costumes belong completely to the present day but their precision and vitality are something we have long given up expecting to see on our musical comedy stages. The girls in many musicals today do little more than amble about the stage with an air of idiotic refinement. Even if the hideous costumes worn by the Empire Girls in their first number did strain the eyes they could not detract from their superb performance.

Dancing was the strongest part of the show and Frank Staff's ballet *Yesteryear* must have made all those in the audience who knew the "old" Empire sigh with gentle nostalgia. The ballet starts with a romantic moonlit glade (as seen from the back of the stage looking out at the audience), the music, costumes and choreography truly evoke the spirit of Genée, the great Scandinavian dancer who was Queen of the Empire stage for so many years.

A pity that elements of satire were introduced in this scene for the theatre is too large for the miming to carry farther than the first few rows of the stalls. Next followed a *pas de trois* in the style of the Diaghilev ballet (very reminiscent of *Petrouchka*) with angular and awkward choreography and much emotion about nothing. The final phase was in the severely classical manner of the Balanchine era.

Altogether Staff has been blessed with happy invention for this his first work in a supercinema. He is fortunate in his dancers—Jeanne Artois a dancer with a technique that is almost brilliant and an atmosphere of romanticism about her whole personality—and Annette Chapell beautiful and vivacious star of the Rambert Ballet. No doubt when Staff has become more familiar with the tastes of his new audience he will produce even better ballets than this.

The stage of the Empire has been rebuilt and enlarged. Elaborate mechanism installed so that George Melachrino's orchestra can rise to the back of the stage, glide gracefully over it and sink to its rightful place in the orchestra pit while they continue to play.

If the ensuing shows are of the same high standard, the success of M.G.M.'s new policy at this theatre may cause other cinemas to follow their example. At any rate the enthusiasm with which the Boxing Day audience received this mixture of "canned" and "live" entertainment, proved that it was to their liking.

N.M.

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

American Modern dancer, Valerie Bettis, in And the Earth shall bear again
(*Photo: Pictorial Press*)

FRANCE

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"It is a very bad ballet for several reasons: (a) it was made in too much of a hurry, (b) Charrat has not understood Mallarmé's poem on which it was based, (c) the music was badly orchestrated, (d) Constantine had a role, as the wet-nurse, that was too important, and her relationship with Hérodiade was too embarrassing, (e) Philippart is exactly Hérodiade, but lacks courage, (f) we have all had enough of these ballets for two people from Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées, (g) the designs were done in one night by a young Swedish painter, Peter Sunderland, who at present lacks personality. It is extraordinary how this company repeat their mistakes and never learn from them."

An Englishman working in Paris also writes about this ballet:—

"The whole thing looked hastily put together. I do not know Mallarmé's poem, but the ballet struck me as pointless although the relationship between Hérodiade and her nurse seemed very strange. Philippart looked handsome in a deep scarlet, ankle-length costume; Hélène Constantine wore white with a panel of grey and black and a blue scarf. I doubt if the ballet would survive a trip across-channel."

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The Zakharoffs were the rage of Paris before the war, when the pair were known as "The poets of the dance." Since then they have danced all over the world.

U. S. A.

TWO companies are performing currently —Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris and the New York Ballet Co., an organisation dominated by George Balanchine, though nominally headed by wealthy American balletomane, Lincoln Kirstein.

The Roland Petit troupe opened here several days before the *première* of Sadler's Wells just about the time when the clamour for Wells tickets was becoming deafening.

In a musical comedy house (lately tenanted by Bobby Clark in *As the Girls Go*), at a performance covered mostly by the drama critics—*Carmen* arrived! Reviews next morning were brilliant (though the two dance critics, Martin of the *Times*, Terry of the *Tribune*, were noticeably tepid).

An expensive and suggestive publicity campaign drew attention to Colette Marchand's legs and the sexier aspects of *Carmen*, so an enormous popular success was scored.

Carmen is still playing to full houses and to a public who, for the most part, are spending their first evening at an all-dance programme. Except for substituting *Pas d'Action* for *Rendezvous* the programme remained the same as on opening night. This will probably be the longest run sustained by a dance company in America.

Overlooked in this theatrical success of the company were a number of positive and important values. For one thing, the production of *Carmen* is blessed with the wittiest and loveliest décor and costumes seen here.

Carmen was designed with painter's vision. The company is enormously vital and the spirit is young and modern.

Where Sadler's Wells strength lay in its elaborate reconstructions of period ballets, the Ballets de Paris breathes new and exciting theatrical ideas, so audacious it has taken them out of dance into theatre.

Fly in the ointment is Petit himself. Certain aspects of his performances are unfortunate. To believe in him as anything but Roland Petit is not easy. His tremendous talents as director and choreographer more than compensate for his deficiency in performance.

*

New York City Ballet have opened for their customary short winter season. They announced *premières* of four new ballets—Lew Christenson's *Jinx* to the music of Benjamin Britten, Balanchine's re-working of Stravinsky's *Firebird* (in the old Chagall sets and costumes, from Adolph Bolm's Ballet Theatre version), a new Balanchine ballet *Bourée Fantasque* and William Dollar's *Ondine*.

The company, mostly American dancers, now boasts Jerome Robbins as associate artistic director to George Balanchine. It has until this season had no kind of popular success and, on the basis of accomplishment, deserved none.

Although it has an excellent repertoire composed mostly of Balanchine works and is, on the female side, often well danced, one has always felt at every performance the aura of dilettantism and lack of a sustained, defined artistic policy (the presence of which one was keenly aware with Sadler's Wells and Petit). The effect of many performances becomes diffused and amateur.

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Dance and Dancers

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BALLET COMPANY. re include a ballet by Mozart music; *Summer* to a Debussy score and *n Lake*. Soloists in the eham, Heather Morris- ng, Joan Leach, Judy ette *premier danseur*.

of Spanish critics was EZ, sister of the late company when she ement at the Gran Via December 6th. Dancing Manolo Vargas and eading male soloists; group include Elvira , Alberto Lorca, Lola iz, Rosario Escudero, uitarist Luis Maravilla. Albeniz' *Triana*; Ravel's *Molinero*, de Falla; *La do*, Leoz and Rimsky- *Espagnol*.

nony Tudor's ballets *Gala Performance* were Royal Opera House, is ballet-master for the also staged *Petrouchka*

Clubs

14, *Ellesmere Street*, r (*Sec., Phyllis Howell*). Marple Arts and Music vith a Lecture-Demon- ement by the members et Club. Also an Even- olyrood Church Hall, of January. One of the *Nocturne* (a tribute to music and choreo- artin.

Bain, 1 *Grevile Road*,

ol Ballet Club boast of ember by Anton Dolin lt". In January the club ach for a trip to Covent *rella*. At the Victoria ney will present a pro- allets.

his season have been Betty Davis and Ruth French; Lydia Kyasht will probably give a class in February.

LONDON

Lewisham Ballet Theatre Club, 47 *Allenswood Road, Eltham, S.E.* 9 (*Sec., Margaret S. Childs*).

An impressive series of lecture-demonstrations on Appreciation of Ballet was provided for the members of the Lewisham Ballet Theatre Club. On December 13 Phyllis Bedells lectured on "Ballet in England in My Time", January 10 A. H. Franks on "Films in Relation to Ballet" and Celia Sparger, M.C.S.P., on "Ballet Technique for Health and Posture" on January 24.

At the Co-operative Hall, February 7, Valerie Prentis will lecture on "Ballet and Costume" and on February 21 at 8 p.m. Leighton Lucas will give "The Musical Approach to Ballet", at the Lewisham Town Hall.

March 20 brings the R.A.D. Production Club to Lewisham Town Hall for an "Evening of Ballet". For details contact club secretary.

line and perfect balance; (2) a generic term for a series of exercises designed to develop grace, sense of line and balance, particularly when the body is supported on one foot. Derived from Italian ad agio, at ease, at leisure.

BALLON, literally ball, *i.e.*, bounciness. The smooth falling and rising of the feet in the passage from step to step.

CORPS DE BALLET, literally body of the ballet. (1) the rank and file and, so to speak, non-commissioned officers of a company of dancers, and rarely (2) a company of dancers. In the latter the company is subdivided into *personnel* and *artistes*, q.v.

DECOR, decoration; theatrical scenery.

ENSEMBLE, together, at the same time; whole, general effect; mass.

MAITRE DE BALLET, literally master of ballet, i.e., ballet master. Person generally attached to a specific company or theatre, who composes dances and ballets and who is

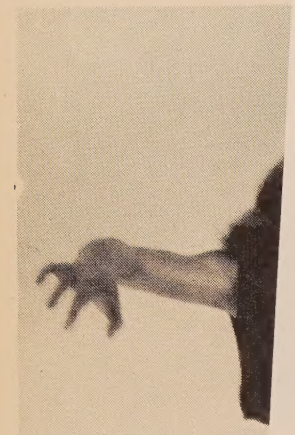
A dance for one or more dancers which conveys a story or expresses an emotion, and, in some instances, reproduces the movements associated with a particular profession, trade, or occupation.

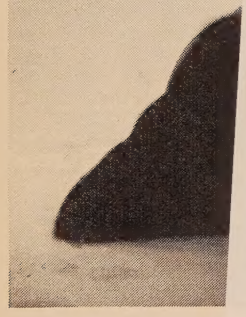
PREMIERE, first; as applied to first performances of new ballets.

PAS DE DEUX, GRAND, literally grand dance for two. Differs from the simple *pas de deux* in that it follows an elaborate and ceremonious sequence. As a general rule it falls into five parts: (a) *Entree*, (b) *Adage*, (c) *Variation* for the *danseuse*, (d) *Variation* for the *danseur*, (e) *Coda*, the climax of the dance in which both dance together, sometimes including short *variations* by each in turn.

PANACHE, plume, bunch of feathers.

We are indebted to C. W. Beaumont's "A French-English Dictionary of Technical Dance Terms" for some of the above definitions.





American M

TO WEHMAN BROS.

The following are names and addresses of my friends interested in dance and dancers. Please send them a specimen copy of DANCE and DANCERS with my compliments.

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The ballet by Christenson (of the famous family of teachers and choreographers connected with San Francisco Opera House) is a re-working of a piece he did for Eugene Loring's Dance Players ten years or so ago. One remembers it as ambiguous and pointless.

Ten years later finds it still so—badly danced and acted by everyone according to Mr. Martin, "except for a lovely performance by Janet Reed". Miss Reed is a professional dancer remembered for her appearances with Ballet Theatre. She is with this company for the first time this season.

Since she is a professional one can count on her for a performance, which cannot be said for most of the older and more permanent members of the company. Soloists for the first performance were Frank Moncion in the title role, Miss Reed and Beatrice Tompkins.

Balanchine's *Firebird* had glowing notices and was the hit of the season. It seemed to be distinguished chiefly for the virtuoso dancing and acrobatic *adagio* he has contrived for his wife, Maria Tallchief, prima ballerina of the company.

Since her marriage to Balanchine, Miss Tallchief has come a long way. Her technique is almost faultless, marred only by an affected carriage of the head. She has, through successive seasons, grown stronger and surer and imbued her roles with more understanding and projection.

She is far from a Fonteyn for she lacks the impeccable taste and simplicity of the English ballerina. Of all the American dancers she is the one young enough to grow and improve, impressionable enough to benefit from experience and good direction.

Bourée Fantasque is another of Balanchine's plotless variations with classical vocabulary, this time to music of Emmanuel Chabrier. It finds him in a lighter mood, filled with his customary "brilliance of invention" as the critics put it. It was well danced by Jerome Robbins and Tanaquil le Clerq at the *première*.

The rest of the programmes have featured Balanchine's *Orpheus* and *Symphony in C* and Robbins' *The Guests* (score by Marc Blitzstein).

This season *The Guests* is greatly improved but far from satisfactory. Filled with a ponderous social message, it fails to come off.

Symphony in C or *Palais de Cristal* as it was called at the Paris Opera, is Balanchine's most endearing work and a marvel of elegance, style and invention.

Tanaquil le Clerq, a young and long-limbed dancer, finds her best role and dances an exquisitely choreographed *adagio*.

Orpheus is treated with enormous respect by both major dance critics here. It is indeed a beautiful and atmospheric ballet and has an effective décor by Isamu Noguchi to help it.

Conception of the solo and duet passages and the rigorously simplified pantomimes (much of the action is pantomimic) was quite marvellous.

In the parts involving the *corps de ballet* (the scene in the underworld and the murder of Orpheus by the Thracian women) there was a curious cheapness of conception at great odds with the rest and which marred the impact of the whole piece.

Costuming generally was no assistance and helped to highlight the weaknesses of the work.

Tallchief gave a fine performance as Eurydice, but again the drama of the ballet was not strengthened by the empty acting of Nicholos Magellanes' Orpheus or by Frank Moncion's wooden posturing in the important and beautifully designed role of the Dark Angel.

City Center Theatre announced a two-week season of AMERICAN MODERN DANCE, featuring Jose Limon, Jane Dudley, William Bales, Sophie Maslow, Charles Weidman and their respective companies, with revivals of Doris Humphrey's *The Shakers*, Hanya Holm's *Ozark Suite* and Charles Weidman's *Atavisms*.

The season was augmented by Valerie Bettis in several of her solo dances and most of the other modern dancers around town appeared as guest artists.

Herbert Ross

CANADA

After six years in England, Canadian dancer Gladys Forrester has returned to the WINNIPEG BALLET. Substituting for Joyce Clark Vopni, the company's ballerina who broke her wrist while on tour. Miss Forrester was formerly ballerina of the Volkoff Ballet of Toronto and danced in the film *Red Shoes*.

Ballet seems to have struck oil in Canada for yet another ballet company has sprung up called the OTTAWA BALLET COMPANY. Works in the repertoire include a ballet by Deborah Dering to Mozart music; *Summer Party* by Lisa Brionda to a Debussy score and the second act of *Swan Lake*. Soloists in the company are Jean Stoneham, Heather Morris-Cattanach, Joy Dunning, Joan Leach, Judy Kuhns and Gilles Choquette *premier danseur*.

SPAIN

Unanimous acclaim of Spanish critics was accorded PILAR LOPEZ, sister of the late Argentinita, and her company when she appeared for an engagement at the Gran Via theatre in Madrid on December 6th. Dancing with Pilar Lopez are Manolo Vargas and Roberto Ximénez, leading male soloists; other members of the group include Elvira Real, Alejandro Vega, Alberto Lorca, Lola Montoya, Dorita Ruiz, Rosario Escudero, Ramon de Loja and guitarist Luis Maravilla. Works presented were Albeniz' *Triana*; Ravel's *Alborada*; *Danza del Molinero*, de Falla; *La Zapatera y el Embrujado*, Leoz and Rimsky-Korsakov's, *Caprichio Espagnol*.

SWEDEN

Premières of Anthony Tudor's ballets *Jardin aux Lilas* and *Gala Performance* were a huge success at the Royal Opera House, Stockholm. Tudor, who is ballet-master for the Royal Opera House, also staged *Petrouchka* for them.

GLOSSARY

To curb a storm of reproach from readers who may not be familiar with technical ballet terms we shall insert in each number a glossary for quick reference.

ADAGIO, has two meanings according to the application. (1) a dance designed particularly to enable a *danseuse*, generally assisted by a male partner, to display her grace, sense of line and perfect balance; (2) a generic term for a series of exercises designed to develop grace, sense of line and balance, particularly when the body is supported on one foot. Derived from Italian ad agio, at ease, at leisure.

BALLON, literally ball, *i.e.*, bounciness. The smooth falling and rising of the feet in the passage from step to step.

CORPS DE BALLET, literally body of the ballet. (1) the rank and file and, so to speak, non-commissioned officers of a company of dancers, and rarely (2) a company of dancers. In the latter the company is subdivided into *personnel* and *artistes*, q.v.

DECOR, decoration; theatrical scenery.

ENSEMBLE, together, at the same time; whole, general effect; mass.

MAITRE DE BALLET, literally master of ballet, i.e., ballet master. Person generally attached to a specific company or theatre, who composes dances and ballets and who is responsible for the training of the dancers and the maintenance of their technique at the requisite standard. There is a growing tendency to use the term *maître de ballet* for the person responsible for the training of the dancers, and apply the term *chorégraphe* to the person who arranges the dances and ballets.

PAS D'ACTION, literally dance of action. A dance for one or more dancers which conveys a story or expresses an emotion, and, in some instances, reproduces the movements associated with a particular profession, trade, or occupation.

PREMIERE, first; as applied to first performances of new ballets.

PAS DE DEUX, GRAND, literally grand dance for two. Differs from the simple *pas de deux* in that it follows an elaborate and ceremonious sequence. As a general rule it falls into five parts: (a) *Entree*, (b) *Adage*, (c) *Variation* for the *danseuse*, (d) *Variation* for the *danseur*, (e) *Coda*, the climax of the dance in which both dance together, sometimes including short *variations* by each in turn.

PANACHE, plume, bunch of feathers.

We are indebted to C. W. Beaumont's "A French-English Dictionary of Technical Dance Terms" for some of the above definitions.

Clubs

MANCHESTER

The Ballet Club, 14, *Ellesmere Street, Northenden, Manchester* (*Sec., Phyllis Howell*).

On January 19 the Marple Arts and Music Club were presented with a Lecture-Demonstration and Divertissement by the members of the Manchester Ballet Club. Also an Evening of Ballet at Holyrood Church Hall, Swinton, on the 24th of January. One of the ballets presented was *Nocturne* (a tribute to Fokine) with Chopin music and choreographed by William Martin.

BRISTOL

Secretary, Mrs. S. Bain, 1 *Grevile Road, Bristol* 3.

Activities of the Bristol Ballet Club boast of a lecture given in December by Anton Dolin on "Ballet As I Knew It". In January the club members boarded a coach for a trip to Covent Garden to see *Cinderella*. At the Victoria Rooms on April 29 they will present a programme of three new ballets.

Guest instructors this season have been Betty Davis and Ruth French; Lydia Kyasht will probably give a class in February.

LONDON

Lewisham Ballet Theatre Club, 47 *Allenswood Road, Eltham, S.E.* 9 (*Sec., Margaret S. Childs*).

An impressive series of lecture-demonstrations on Appreciation of Ballet was provided for the members of the Lewisham Ballet Theatre Club. On December 13 Phyllis Bedells lectured on "Ballet in England in My Time", January 10 A. H. Franks on "Films in Relation to Ballet" and Celia Sparger, M.C.S.P., on "Ballet Technique for Health and Posture" on January 24.

At the Co-operative Hall, February 7, Valerie Prentis will lecture on "Ballet and Costume" and on February 21 at 8 p.m. Leighton Lucas will give "The Musical Approach to Ballet", at the Lewisham Town Hall.

March 20 brings the R.A.D. Production Club to Lewisham Town Hall for an "Evening of Ballet". For details contact club secretary.

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